

# The TATLER



SEPTEMBER 10, 1958

& BYSTANDER — 25



**SENSATIONNELLE**

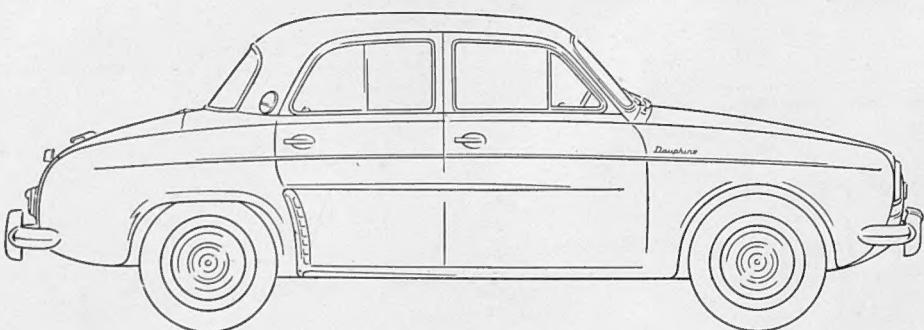
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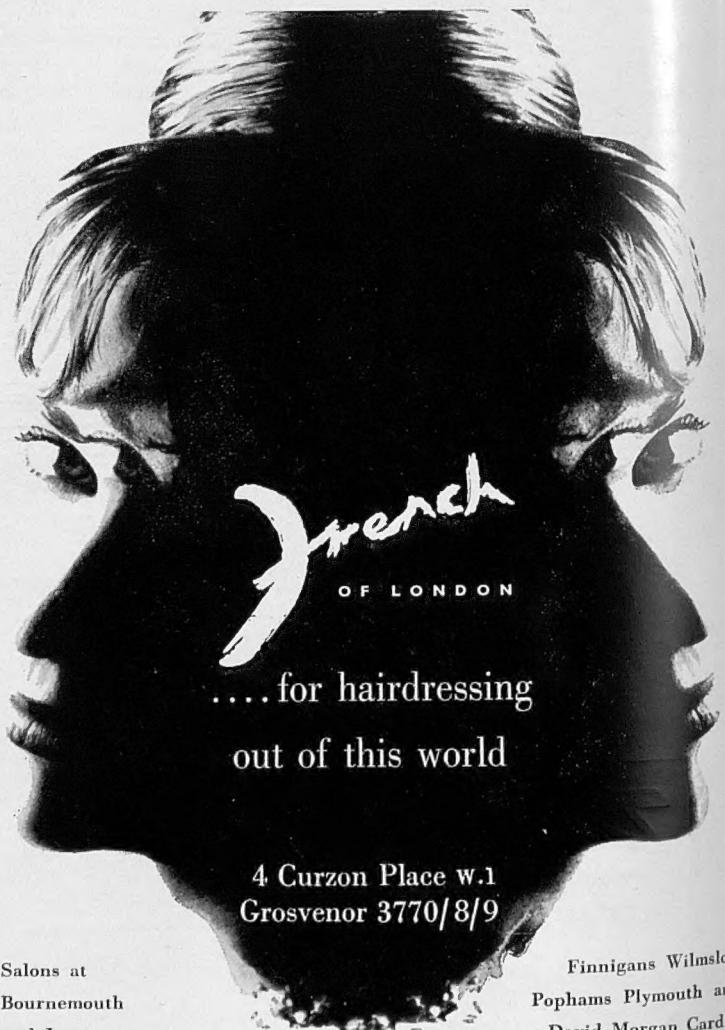
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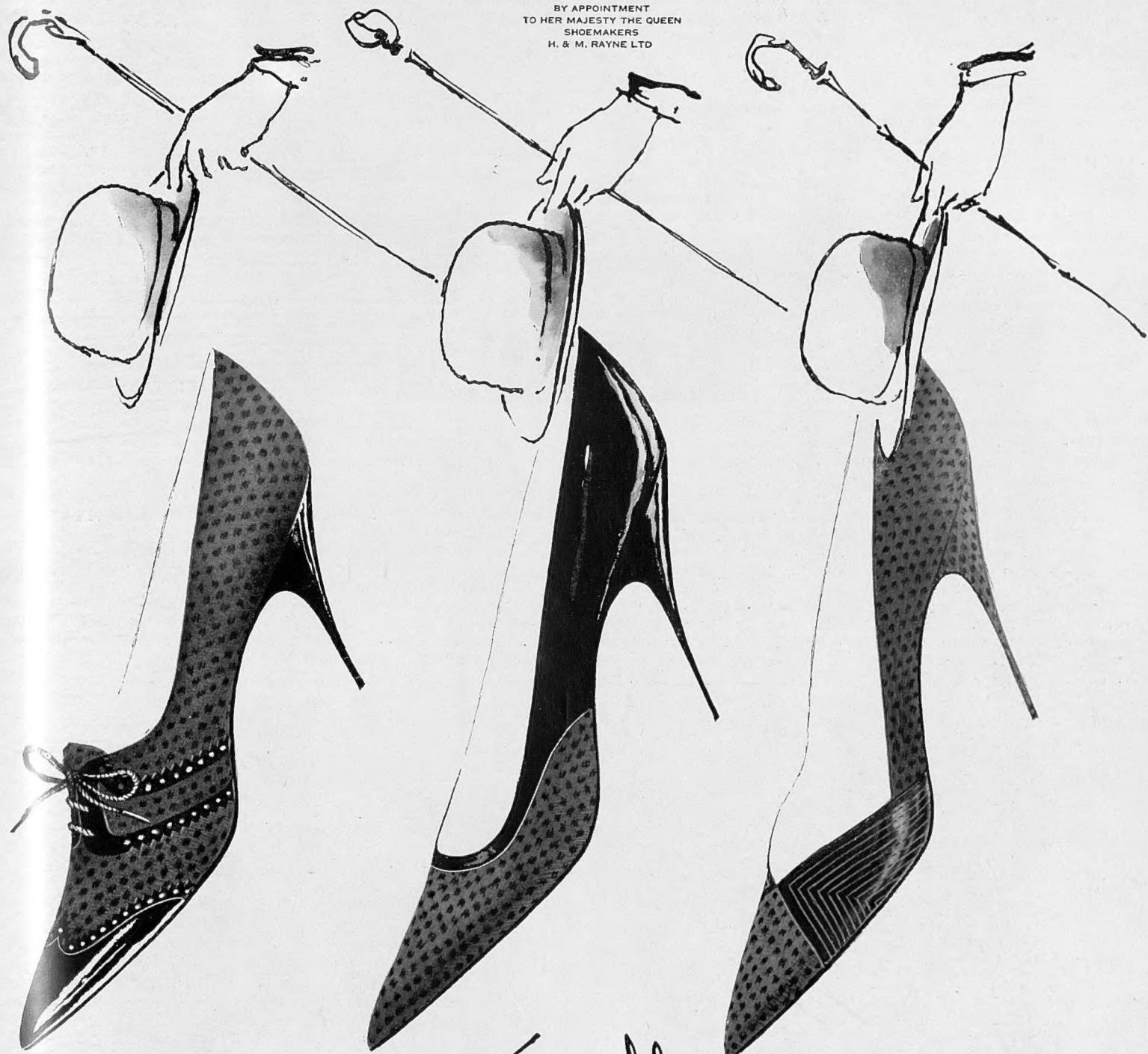
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# WHERE to go...WHAT to see

## Planning your programme

BY ANDREW HALL

IT PAINS ME to mention winter as early as September, but there are a few points on Winter Sports that are never made evident early enough to be of use to Winter Sporters. These are mainly directed at near-newcomers to the slopes.

1. Experts say that the ankle exercises most people begin in a panic the night before leaving the country should be practised religiously from early autumn to be of any use at all, particularly if you are a brittle beginner.

2. If you want to organize a small ski-party start recruiting now. Ski-party organizers are notorious procrastinators and their efforts soon fizzle out without early encouragement.

3. There is an enormous demand for ski-boots around Christmas. They can be hired from most leading stores, but if you have an odd size in feet stake your claim early—or you will find yourself stuck with a pair of army boots.

Back from the snows to our summer of damp and draught (and a particularly virulent outbreak of mosquitoes that thrive on wet tweed). . . . This is the last fortnight

of the 64th season of the Henry Wood Promenade Concerts (to 20 Sept.) at the Albert Hall. If you want a seat for the final "prom" you had better start queueing now—and stay put.

The oyster dredgers are busy at Whitstable, where the prime qualities come from (Whitstable Natives are considered the best). If you are planning to eat oysters on your night out show an expert touch by asking the waiter if yours

scientifically minded may prefer the R.A.F.'s Battle of Britain Week Display (till 21 Sept.) on the Horse Guards Parade.



### THE TATLER TEAM TIPS (from recent contributions):

#### Endorsed eating

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

**The Onslow Arms**, West Clandon. "Good food and wine in the right



are at least five years old—as they should be when brought to the table.

"*Son et Lumiere*" at Greenwich (to 11 Oct.), Cardiff Castle (to 27 Sept.) and Gloucester Cathedral (to 18 Sept.), is becoming widely popular though it came to this country only last year. But there is an older spectacle that rivals it: the Woolwich Searchlight Tattoo (10-13 Sept.). It is a stirring piece of pageantry, though the more

atmosphere . . . a charming old-world bar and a great reputation for its cuisine." (CLANDON 64.)

**The Kings Arms**, Ockley. "A fine old inn, chops and steaks from the grill, local poultry and vegetables, with a good wine list and a charming innkeeper, Mrs. Frankie Meikle." (CAPEL 3224.)

**The Mitre**, Hampton Court. "First-class French cuisine plus many basic English dishes. An elegant establishment." (MOLESEY 1339.)

## Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

**The Trial Of Mary Dugan** (Savoy Theatre). "A thoroughly good evening's entertainment. There is plenty of light relief and . . . Mr. David Knight gives an extremely well calculated performance."

**Living For Pleasure** (Garrick Theatre). "A good revue. Miss Dora Bryan . . . brings home the laughter. Mr. Addinsell's music is agreeable . . . lively chorus."

**Irma La-Douce** (Lyric Theatre). "Amusing piece of frivolity . . . a sentimental fantasy. Miss Elizabeth Seal . . . works with sympathetic vivacity."

## Fancied films

BY ELSPETH GRANT

**A Cry From The Streets**. "Delightfully human, touching and funny. Mr. Max Bygraves has a wonderfully warm and friendly screen personality."

**The Golden Age Of Comedy**. "A symposium of some of the crazier screen scenes. In this film there are many clowns . . . whom even the young . . . will surely find irresistible."

**Ice-cold In Alex**. "Admirably directed . . . a remarkably gripping film . . . unforgettable performances."

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# The TATLER

& BY STANDER

Vol. CCXIX. No. 2983

10 September 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



## PERSONALITY

### Comet designer

GABY SCHREIBER is the Austrian-born industrial artist who designed the interior of the new Comet jet airliner. From wallpaper to carpets, tableware to lighting, she is responsible for all the 200 different items that make up the furnishing of the aircraft. Behind a black marble desk in her Belgravia office she presides over her own group of architects, artists, engineers, colour consultants, typographers and others.

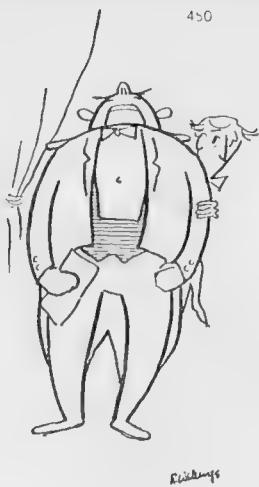
It is a remarkable position for a woman to achieve, but no more remarkable than everything else in Mrs. Schreiber's career. When she came to this country not long before the war she had studied interior decoration in Vienna and worked as assistant to a leading stage-designer in Berlin. In

Britain she went to work at Lord & Lady Antrim's village furniture factory at Glenham, then (during the war) took to designing plastics for canteens, ships and planes. She progressed to designing interiors for Big Business—Thomas Hedley's new offices outside Newcastle and a Cardiff store.

But if Mrs. Schreiber were asked which of her many achievements she takes most pride in, she would probably point to her collection of drawings. This ranges from Constantin Guys to Picasso and Marini, and includes an unusual Van Gogh and an outstanding Matisse. The collection decorates the immense top-floor drawing-room (which she designed herself) of her Eaton Square home. She posed there for this picture.

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*It's grand  
to get back into harness*

by FRANCIS KINSMAN

I have arrived at the dance.  
The looking-glass has received its last backward  
glance—  
Swift, yes, but long enough to tell me that there is not  
enough starch in my tie.  
Maybe by and by  
The worry of whether I'm going to be on form, of  
whether I'm going to enjoy myself, of whether I've  
had a close enough shave'll  
Stop resolving itself into a disquieting sensation in the  
region of the navel.  
I mount the stairs, I give my name to the major-domo.  
“Mr. Thraiths Hizznaghhh!” he roars.  
Help. Silence. Pause.  
Damn and blast it, I am incog.  
Ah, I am shaking hands, I am bowing, I am smiling,  
I am shaking hands again,  
I am through! I have emerged from the fog.  
Well, whom are we going to dance with, when and how?  
Don't look now,  
But here is my least favourite of all bearing down on  
me with excited shrieks—  
“Daaahling, how marvellous—I haven't seen you for  
simply weeks!”  
“Hullo, my dear, what a pretty dress.” Thinks:  
Yes, you have, you saw me on Thur. at the 400, and  
cut me as dead as a stone, you little minx!  
Anyway, here we go. “On with the dance, let joy be  
unconfined,”  
As the poet said—though perhaps, heh-heh, he didn't  
have quite the same set-up in mind!



## FAIR in Kensington

Kensington's mayor, Councillor A. N. McHaffie,  
at the royal borough's seventh  
Antiques Fair, held at the Town Hall



## FESTIVAL in Venice



The annual film festival in Venice  
attracted the usual throng of prominent  
'names.' On the Lido beach here:  
Mr. Victor Cunard with Count Brando Brandolini



*Mr. Ronald Ryall bought some wine labels for his large collection. With him: Councillor Miss R. E. Worthington-Evans*

*Mr. & Mrs. F. D. Smith, who are dealers in Kensington Church Street. He was on the committee*

*Mrs. Walter Lurd, wife of the chairman of the committee, with some of the English china on her stand*



*Mr. William Murray and Mrs. C. U. Warner. The vase is a French one from his collection. He owns a Mayfair business*



*The Fair was opened by Dame Margot de Arias (Margot Fonteyn)*

*Erskine Caldwell was there to see the film of his well-known novel, God Little Acre*



*The Italian actress, Antonella Lualdi. She was accompanied by her husband, Franco Interlenghi, also an actor*



*Elsa Maxwell (right) with the Italian theatre director, Franco Enriques, and his fiancée, Countess Carla Nana Mocenigo*



**Corrie—Brocklebank**

Miss Gillian Brocklebank, daughter of the late Mr. R. P. R. Brocklebank & of Mrs. Brocklebank, of Turleigh Cottage, near Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts, married Mr. J. R. La T. Corrie, younger son of Sir Owen Corrie, M.C., of Nairobi, Kenya, & the late Lady Corrie, at Chelsea Old Church

**Garland—Persse**

Miss Patricia Mary Persse, younger daughter of Capt. & Mrs. E. M. Persse, of Bridge House, Hythe, Kent, married Mr. Douglas Garland, only son of Mr. B. T. J. Garland & the late Mrs. Garland, of Australia Road, Cardiff, at the Church of SS. Peter & Paul, Saltwood, Hythe

**Earls-Davis—Raymond**

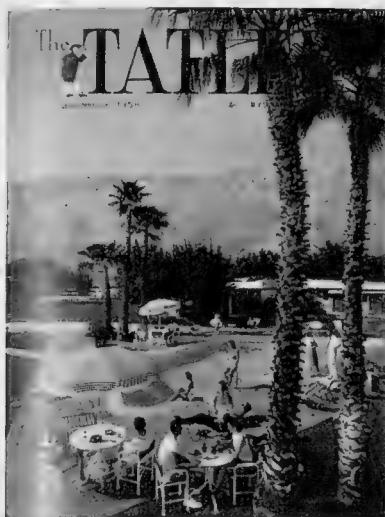
Miss Ann L. Raymond, daughter of Mrs. A. E. Raymond, Meonstoke, Hants, & of Capt. D. L. Raymond, R.C.N., of Ottawa, married Mr. Michael R. G. Earls-Davis, son of the late Dr. T. R. Earls-Davis & Mrs. Cogswell, of Kilquade, Co. Wicklow, at St. Margaret's Chapel, Tichborne

**Cuninghame—Crawford**

Miss Rosemary Crawford, elder daughter of Brig. & Mrs. A. W. E. Crawford, of Auchentroig, Buchlyvie, Stirlingshire, married Capt. Robert Fergusson Cuninghame, elder son of Lt.-Col. W. W. S. Cuninghame, D.S.O., of Carrington Castle, Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, & the late Mrs. Cuninghame, at St. John's Church, Edinburgh

**Kirkman—Adams**

Miss Elizabeth Adams, only daughter of Mr. Peter Adams, F.R.I.B.A., of Dolphin Square, & Mrs. McKeogh, of Coombe Green Cottage, Kingston Hill, married Capt. Charles Kirkman, son of General Sir Sidney Kirkman, G.C.B., K.B.E., M.C., & Lady Kirkman, of Wimbledon, at St. James's, Piccadilly



THE AMERICAN SEASON begins with tennis at Forest Hills and ends at Thanksgiving in November. So for those who want to see social America now is the time to make the trip. Of course you can't stay long on the dollar allowance (certainly not at the prices prevailing in a resort like Palm Springs, California, shown here)—but the money can be made to go further than you think. See pages 462-3, "September in the States"

## *The 'little season'*

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE: First news of social engagements for the autumn season. Jennifer will list the leading parties, dances, &c., arranged up to mid-December.

ALSO: **Priscilla's** monthly report from Paris, **Roundabout** by Caryl Brahms, and various illustrated features



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## SOCIAL JOURNAL

# Golfers gather in the Highlands

by JENNIFER

**S**ET in glorious Highland scenery, Gleneagles Hotel is a delightful place to visit. When I spent a weekend there recently, this haven for golfers, run on luxurious lines, had nearly 300 guests. Many of them had come to play on the two famous 18-hole courses. On the King's course (over which a player needs to be "far and sure!") are the cleverly-named and designed holes Silver Tassie, the one-shot Het Girdle, Wee Bogle which can be a comfortable three, and the well-known Briad's Brawest. The Queen's course is a slightly easier task.

There is also the small course which is only nine holes but also well designed, and the "putt and take" putting course made only about three years ago, right near the hotel. Although it has not had as much sunshine as usual this summer, Gleneagles has not suffered so badly from the wet weather as many places in the south. When it was bad enough to stop outdoor exercise (so necessary to many to justify their enjoyment of the superb cuisine) there were plenty of indoor diversions including a swimming pool, squash court and table tennis.

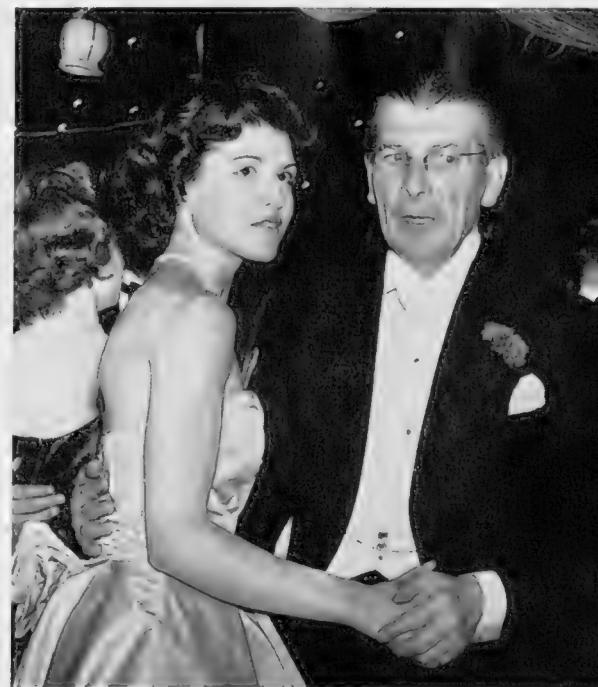
Many of the regular visitors were there, among them Viscountess Camrose who had various members of her family staying with her including the Earl & Countess of Birkenhead and their daughter Lady Juliet Smith, the Hon. Michael Berry and his son Nicholas, and the Hon. Rodney & Mrs. Berry who brought all their house party over for the weekend when I was there. They have taken one of the Blair Athol shooting lodges this season. Other regulars included that charming American couple Mr. & Mrs. E. B. Davis from South Carolina who come back year after year, Mr. Leslie & the Hon. Mrs. Gamage (who have had the same corner suite since the days they came here with Mrs. Gamage's father the late Lord Hirst) and her sister the Hon. Mrs. Rose, an indefatigable member of the L.C.C.

### Out of the sky

Mr. & Mrs. Graham Bailey who had his mother, Mrs. W. A. Bailey and their sons and daughter-in-law, Mr. Adrian and Lady Mary Bailey and Mr. David Bailey, with them for part of the time; Lord & Lady Weeks whose aeroplane landed beside the third fairway; Mr. & Mrs. William Miller up from Sussex; Lady McKenzie Wood, Mr. & Mrs. Cowan Dobson and Lord & Lady Dovercourt were other regular visitors who have been staying there during August.

I also met Mr. Angus Mackinnon and his pretty wife up from their home at Sutton Scotney with their family, and the Hon. Thomas & Mrs. Hazlerigg and his two sons Rupert and Simon, who were enjoying shooting, golf, lawn tennis and swimming as well as a little table tennis. Lt.-Col. "Digby" Raeburn, who commands the Scots Guards, was there with his mother Lady Raeburn and his sister Patsy, who is a fine ski-er like her brother.

Others who have been enjoying the pleasures and superb comfort of Gleneagles Hotel are Sir Wilfrid & Lady Ayre, Lady Mildred FitzGerald, Sir David & Lady Evans-Bevan who left the day I arrived, Mr. & Mrs. Mark Ostrer, Sir George & Lady Clark over from Northern Ireland, Mr. &



Miss Tessa Prain with her father Mr. J. Murray Prain, of Mugdrum. She shared a coming-out dance at Mugdrum House, by the Tay, with Miss Ann Carington-Smith. Jennifer writes about it on p. 454

Mrs. Claude Morell up from Cheshire, Sir Archibald and Lady Harris, that great character of the Stock Exchange Mr. "Kit" Hoare, Mr. "Benjy" Yeats Brown and Mr. Dick Wilkins (the latter went on to shoot in Midlothian). Also Brig. & the Hon. Mrs. Walter Sale, Lord Robert Crichton-Stuart on his way farther north, Mr. Charles Smith-Ryland, Viscount and Viscountess Downe,



## FOUR YEARS OF 'SALAD DAYS' IN THE STRAND

Four years ago, the revue *Salad Days* opened at the Vaudeville Theatre. On the anniversary, a back-stage celebration was held after the evening performance. Dorothy Reynolds and Julian Slade, co-authors of the show,

cut the cake (left). One of the guests was Sir Bronson Albery (centre). The current stars of the show are Virginia Vernon and Derek Holmes (right). The original stars were Eleanor Drew and John Warner

the Earl of Derby and Mr. Charles Mills, who all enjoyed a night or two and a little golf on their way to join shooting parties.

### Continental visitors

There were some Italian and French visitors too, among them M. & Mme. Charpentier and a party from Paris who wore very colourful clothes for all sports, M. & Mme. E. Lanvin and four friends, and M. & Mme. Marquefer and their children who came over from Tarondant in Morocco.

Lord & Lady Cornwallis, who have visited here several years, were expected this month, also Sir Denys & Lady Lowson and a big family party, Sir Duncan Hay, Sir Frank & Lady Sanderson, the Earl of Breadalbane, Mr. & Mrs. W. A. Powell and their daughter (who is a good golfer), and Sir Robert and Lady Menzies.

### A dance by the Tay

One of the most enjoyable private dances of the Scottish season was that given jointly by Mrs. Murray Prain and Mrs. Noel Carington-Smith for their daughters Miss Tessa Prain and Miss Ann Carington-Smith, and for Mr. Philip Prain. This was held at Mrs. Murray Prain's lovely home Mugdrum in Fife, a long 17th-century house overlooking the Tay. A piper of the Black Watch played outside as guests arrived on this fine, warm evening. A blue-and-white lined marquee had been built out for dancing, and another small outdoor dance floor was arranged beside a beer and iced coffee bar on the terrace overlooking the river. The bar was amusingly decorated with lighted aquariums, fishing nets and lobster pots, while beer barrels were used as tables around the little dance floor. The trees and grounds were cleverly lit and a full moon added to the romantic setting as young guests strolled around the garden.

Tessa, dark and pretty, with exceptionally good manners, looked enchanting in a long full-skirted dress of sea green faille. Anne, who is fair, wore a beautiful white crinoline of lace and chiffon. Her young sister Miss Rose Carington-Smith, who was home for the holidays, was allowed to come to the dance and wore a short aquamarine taffeta dress. Mrs. Murray Prain and Col. Carington-Smith were both there to help look after the guests.

More than 30 friends in the district entertained house parties, including the Countess of Dundee, who has a daughter Miss Janet Scrymgeour-Wedderburn coming out next season, Mrs. Charles Adam of Blairadam, Lady Forteviot, Mrs. Maitland-Magill-Crichton, Mrs. Mercer Nairne, Lady Gilmour, Mrs. William Walker, the Countess of Elgin, Lady Anstruther-Gray, the Countess of Lindsay, Lady Edmonstone, Mrs. Herriot-Maitland, Lady Nairne, Lady Hutchison, Lady Rollo, Mrs. J. Drummond-Moray, Mrs. Dugald Skene and Mrs. Andrew Dixon.

Among the young girls enjoying this exceptionally good dance were Miss Lucy and Miss Gina Drummond-Moray, Miss Diana Anstruther-Gray, the Hon. Penelope Dewar, Lady Malvina Murray, Miss Susan Edmonstone, the Hon. Helen Rollo, the Hon. Marion Wills, Miss Elizabeth Gordon-Duff, Miss Georgina Home-Robertson, Miss Miranda Smiley, Miss Catriona Parker and the Hon. Janet Grant, who all have homes in Scotland.

### From south of the Border

Miss Melanie and Miss Gay Lowson (who have been up in Scotland for several weeks with their parents) were there, also Miss Zia Foxwell, Miss Sally Croker-Poole, Miss Susan Aubrey-Fletcher, Miss Minnie d'Erlanger, Miss Gay Foster, Miss Alexandra Bridgewater, her cousin Miss Georgina Milner, Miss Celia Wenger, the Hon. Mary

Bridgeman up from Shropshire, the Hon. Diana Conolly-Carew over from Ireland and Miss Sandra Farley. Many of these girls were having the greatest fun doing a round of the Scottish balls.

Young men at this party, many of whom wore the kilt, included Mr. Robert Mercer Nairne, the Hon. John Dewar, the Hon. Tom Lindsay, Mr. Tom Brassey, the Earl of Shelburne, Mr. Alan McIntosh, the Hon. David Bruce, Mr. John Coats, Mr. Malcolm Kimmings, Mr. Anthony Poole, the Hon. Patrick Conolly-Carew, and Mr. Patrick Campbell-Fraser.

### Resource at the show

Rushmoor Arena is a fine natural setting for the Aldershot Horse Show. Unfortunately on the second morning of this year's show a violent thunderstorm broke which lasted some hours, and the torrents of rain turned the big shoving into a quagmire. Fortunately it cleared later and with the help of dry tan spread over the worst spots it was possible to carry on not only the judging of horse and pony classes, but also the jumping competitions. When I arrived on the third day there was a poor attendance; this was no doubt due to more grey skies and an uncertain weather forecast. It was none the less disappointing as there was an interesting programme.

I watched Lt.-Col. B. R. Body and Mr. Norman Male, the well-known veterinary surgeon, judge a class of brood mares with foal at foot for which there were 17 entries. The first prize went to Mrs. E. F. Power's chestnut mare Grand Parade. Miss M. de Beaumont's Honeysuckle was second and Mrs. B. N. Morton's Caubee third. This mare's chestnut filly foal by Parlehay was awarded the cup for the best foal.

We then saw a parade of the New Forest Buckhounds with their huntsman (Stanley Read) and whipper-in. An unrehearsed incident took place during this parade and



Mr. John Pascoe, Mrs. John Eden (his sister), and Mr. John Eden, who is Conservative M.P. for Bournemouth West



Miss Ann Davy on the novice hack 'Debonair', owned by Lady Pascoe, wife of Sir John Pascoe. The show was at Duston, Northants

Sir John Pascoe, chairman and managing director of British Timken. With him: Lady Barnett, the television personality

## *Pat Smythe wins again*

*at the British Timken show*

Miss Pat Smythe on Mr. R. Hanson's Flanagan won the main jumping event. Holding her trophy is Earl Spencer, Lord Lieutenant of Northamptonshire

The Winner of the Lady's Hunter class, Mrs. M. H. Tollit on Silverin, was here receiving her trophy from Lady Pascoe



Eric Ager



## *Racing at The Curragh*



Charles Fennell  
Mrs. John Alexander, past-Master of the Limerick, with Mr. Derick de la Poer Trench



Mr. Paddy McCann, the polo player, and Lady Willoughby de Broke, who came over from Warwickshire



Lady Melissa Wyndham-Quin, elder daughter of Lord & Lady Dunraven, with Mr. John Alexander



Viscount Adare, the Earl of Dunraven's son. It was his first racing since a polio attack two years ago



JAMES DAVID KEITH MONTGOMERY, one year, with his mother, Mrs. David Montgomery, of Hattonburn, Kinross

## Other People's Babies



CAMILLA GILBEY, five years, daughter of Sir Derek & Lady Gilbey, of Culross. Faygate, Sussex



CLIVE ROPNER, 15 months, son of Mr. & Mrs. Jeremy Ropner, Cleatham House, Cleatham, Co. Durham

I can only think that the huntsman's horse was worried by a horsefly, as it suddenly started a rodeo exhibition, bucking and kicking out viciously. Not the usual behaviour of a hunt servant's horse! Major Dudley Forwood is Master of these hounds, having succeeded his father Sir Dudley Forwood, who was still riding to hounds when over 80 years of age.

Capt. George Rich and Major K. P. Wallis next judged the open class for hacks under 15 hands. This was won by Miss Patricia Lissner's Harmony ridden by her owner. The second was Mr. Gervase Hughes' The Boy Friend ridden by Miss Fitzgerald, which earlier in the day had won the Novice class, and Mr. E. K. Cundy's Princess of France was third. Also in the class were such well-known winners as Miss Noel Welch's Folie Bergère who was placed fourth and Mr. K. V. Coates' Kavora Another Star, who won the small hack class at the White City this year.

There was an excellent Ladies' Jumping Competition (open) under B.S.J.A. rules, for which there were over 60 entries. Eleven of these jumped clear rounds and the winner was Miss Jennifer James on Park Minor, the only competitor to complete a second clear round. Riding in this competition were Miss Brenda Goddard who rode well and did a clear round on her Cappabeag, Miss Jennifer Brough who also did a clear round on a small grey called Aladdin II, and Lady Mary Rose Williams whose Happy Ending and Mr. Soapy Sponge both scored a few faults (she was luckier the following day when she won the Scurry Stakes on Happy Ending).

Major Jimmy Lethbridge and Mr. E. D. A. Farmer judged hunters at the show and selected Mr. C. H. Nathan's fine brown gelding Man O'War, ridden by Mr. P. Tozer, as the champion hunter on the final day. Major the Hon. Arthur Baillie, who used to be in the Life Guards, was one of the judges of cobs, the military classes and some of the jumping classes. Others helping to run and judge this four-day event included Lt.-Col. R. K. Chiesman the hard working honorary organizing secretary, Major-Gen. R. A. Bramwell-Davis chairman of the directing committee, Brig. G. Rimbault, Deputy Commander Aldershot District, and Col. E. Davies-Jenkins, Col. A/Q Aldershot District. Major F. H. Horton was the chief ring steward and had the classes in well on time. Col. F. C. Drake, who was in the 10th Hussars, and Major Anthony Chiesman who is in the Life Guards, shared the duties of control and announcers, and Mr. H. J. Fowle gave an excellent running commentary on the jumping competitions.

### A party on the stage

I went along to a cheerful party on the stage of the Vaudeville Theatre to celebrate the fourth birthday of the musical *Salad Days* by Julian Slade and Dorothy Reynolds. One of the guests had seen 100 performances, another 60! Julian Slade and Dorothy Reynolds were both there and cut the big birthday cake jointly.

I met Mrs. Slade, Julian's mother, also Mr. Jack Dunfee, who presents the show, with his lovely wife (they were just off to cruise in the Mediterranean in Peter Ustinov's

yacht which he has lent them), Sir Bronson & Lady Albery, the Hon. Geoffrey Russell and his pretty wife, who was in a printed pink silk dress, and Mr. & Mrs. Robert Dean. Most of the members of the cast were present, too. (Pictures on page 454).

### At the Antiques Fair

I went to the opening of the seventh Kensington Antiques Fair in the Kensington Town Hall, which was crowded to overflowing. Mme. Arias (Margot Fonteyn), a neat and chic figure in a little white feathered cap and black dress, performed the ceremony after being introduced by the Mayor of Kensington, Councillor A. N. E. McHaffie. Some lovely things are on view and all exhibits are for sale. I admired some of the fine Chinese pieces of furniture on Sanderson and Bornoff's stall and noticed that several of them had already been sold. Other exhibits which caught my eye were the fine walnut Queen Anne pieces shown by Paul Frank, Ltd., and Sylvia Shepherd; some delicate pieces of porcelain from Margaret Cadman's showroom; and some nice pieces of small antique furniture and a number of attractive black and white Wedgwood plaques, rather tucked away, which were exhibited by Beryl Davy. The Fair (which closes this week) has grown a lot and has now become a collector's playground.

From here I went on for a short time to the Radio and Television Show at Earls Court, opened the previous day by Lord Brabazon of Tara. This annual event is a wonderful opportunity to choose a new television set, radio, gramophone or a tape recorder, as they are here in every shape and size. I met Cecil Madden, a pioneer of British television, having been in it 22 years. He was in charge of the Celebrity Dais (a tremendous attraction), and was presenting a star of television, radio, stage or films every ten minutes from morning till night. The afternoon I was there they included Joyce Grenfell, Jimmy Edwards, Ted Ray, Bill Maynard and last but not least that evergreen veteran stage star A. E. Matthews.

### A duchess's dress show

The young and beautiful Duchess of Rutland will receive the guests (who it is expected will number several hundred) at a dress show to be given at Belvoir Castle on 2 October in aid of the Melton Mowbray Conservative Association. On this occasion the clothes shown will be British and priced within the range of most of the women present. They are winter day and evening models from the ready-to-wear section of Hardy Amies and Worth. The House of Worth will also send up the exquisite evening dress which is an exact replica of the one this famous house designed for the Empress Eugenie of France 100 years ago, and which they showed with their winter collection when they celebrated their centenary last month.

This is the first time there has been a dress show at Belvoir, which will make a superb setting with its magnificent tapestries and furnishings. Tickets for the show, which begins at 5 p.m. and includes a champagne buffet, may be obtained from A. Moorhouse, Esq., Melton Division, Conservative Association, 53a London Road, Leicester.



Lady Erskine, wife of General Sir George Erskine, G.O.C.-in-C. Southern Command, presented the prizes for the private-driving turnouts class. The show, one of the biggest in the south, lasted four days



Col. Arthur Corbett, who judged the military classes at the show, with Mrs. Jack Hance. Her husband, Col. Hance, judged the jumping classes

## The Aldershot horse show

The handsome team of bays entered by the Royal Artillery Coaching Club (Sandhurst). The driver was Major F. S. Eiloart



Brig. J. Read (retd.) and Mrs. Read watching the parade of hounds. They live at Farnham



Mrs. D. R. Forwood, with Maj.-Gen. E. H. Goulburn, formerly Commander Grenadier Guards



Viscountess Alanbrooke and Mrs. K. B. Bibby, wife of a steward, in the Royal Box

Desmond O'Neill



Alan Vines



## NEWS PORTRAITS

**HIS IDEA—1** When Eric Newton, the art critic (*opposite*), visited Malta last year he was so impressed that he suggested a London exhibition of paintings by the island's artists. The exhibition, covering 15 artists, is now at the Commonwealth Institute, and this fine photograph shows Eric Newton there after he opened it. With him is Fredda Brilliant, the sculptress, known for her busts of Ministers

**HIS IDEA—2** The man behind the Gregory Fellowship, whose members are now holding their first exhibition at London's Institute of Contemporary Art, is E. C. Gregory (*left*), a London publisher. He founded the fellowship to associate painters, sculptors, poets and musicians with university life, and linked it with Leeds University, chosen as being far from any important art centre

**THEIR IDEA** Horse-riders in north Derbyshire asked the Rt. Rev. George Sinker, Assistant Bishop of Derby (*right*), to hold a special Sunday service for them. He agreed, and the service was held at Bakewell, with the bishop in the saddle of a white mare. About 40 people on horseback attended and there was a mounted procession through the town beforehand



Raymond



# Tea is served in the lounge



Word picture of a seaside scene  
familiar to many holidaymakers

by JOHN S. MATHER

**O**UTSIDE it is raining. From the tall, closed window, heavily draped in bom-bazine, you see a neatly-pared lawn backed by a low hedge of suburban neatness, and then, mistily, a foaming sea. Between the window and the last white horse there is no living thing in sight. It is therefore high summer at an English grand hotel.

Inside the lounge, built in 1911 as a lasting memorial to the spacious days, people sit at separate tables awaiting tea. And teatime by the sea in England is more charged with expectancy than ever dinner was at Fouquet's or Maxim's. The rattle of reproduction Spode, when it comes, will be not an accompaniment but a central motif.

In a surround of velveted leather there is here in this sombre room a challenge to conviviality; indeed, there is an invitation to brood. It requires a party of three or more, with the courage engendered by intimacy, to raise a voice or a laugh. But

there are two such parties, forming oases of brittle fun.

A party of four is pivoted on a floridly handsome, stoutish man in his late fifties. His flow of breezy remarks is dammed only by the appreciative giggles of the dark-eyed girl who is to become his daughter-in-law. There is an understanding between these two, a muted flirtation. His son wears a fixed, admiring smile. It is a mask. He has listened too long and followed example once too often—as a hockey blue, as a chartered accountant, as a pawn on the Board. He knows his lack of initiative bores his wife-to-be.

Mother, in this party, has kept her figure but not her health. Her smiles are wry and distant. Her eyes are weary from being wary. She senses her son's ache. She has seen this girl's over-ready sparkle in other girls when her husband has been around. She has heard all the jokes before. She

is tired. She could do with a cup of tea.

A party of three, one m., two f. His is the kind of face which, to male astonishment, peeps from Sunday stories of men who have captivated a dozen hearts. He is smoothing his already smooth hair or plucking at a toothbrush moustache. With a d.b., wide-lapelled blue suit he wears a silver tie. He ran a small garage when he met her: her infatuation and capital inflated his ego and his fortunes.

She sits opposite, lined and strained. Both know there must be a third party if rows are to be spaced out. Hence the presence of her sister, a gangling spinster who laughs loud and long at his non-stop reminiscences. A wife is a wife is a wife and she must join in to make a staccato duet, but she is yearning for the tea to arrive and relieve her of all thought.

A husband and wife. He is a Northern Irishman who has gone white early from envies and frustrations. But he has succeeded lately in his main preoccupations: making money as a surveyor and retaining his wife, a well-curved platinum blonde, ten years younger. Money eluded him until his boss died, leaving him the business. While money was scarce his wife was, occasionally, scarce. This, now, is a slap-up holiday to establish the new accord.

They have been sitting uncomfortably, making snide remarks about other guests to keep up their spirits. But now she is silent. She is looking hard at the dapper garage man. He knows she is. He knows the look. He feels queazy. He hopes that tea will break the spell.

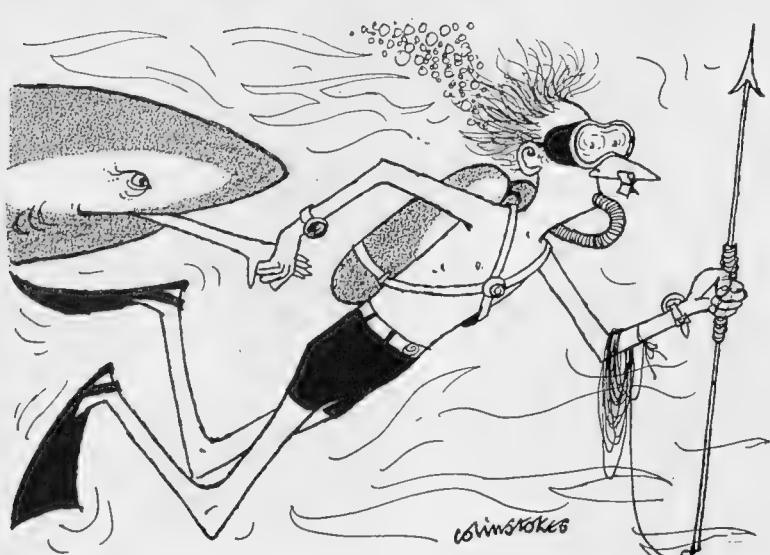
A woman. She has passed sixty but has the indestructible fibre of the permanent resident. She enjoys the income from an estate that was built up furiously and cost the builder an early thrombosis. She does not weep over her husband. She was fastidious—she would resent “frigid”—and a short spell was enough. She is in a brocaded dress with a high collar and a string of antique charms. She fondles a cat.

Her only visitor is her doctor who calls each day to discuss the weather or stocks and shares but rarely her health, which is unvarying. She is leaving him the residue of her estate after careful and detailed provision for a cats' home. She enjoys all her mealtimes, and she is looking forward to her tea. With muffins.

A man. His short hair, angry moustache and poker back suggest that he is on leave from a senior army post, but, alas, his service days were not recent: they were in the wartime Pay Corps. The cut of his speckless suit is in the fashion of the day before yesterday. He has only dropped in for tea because his bowler and rolled umbrella lie on a chair beside him. Unfortunately and oddly, his eyes are out of harmony with his desired effect: they are restlessly bright, perhaps questing; and his mouth is a little soft, as if too ready to smile in greeting. Now he is regarding the woman alone. . . .

This is a lounge with obscure corners, and in one there is a man and a woman, registered as husband and wife. He is bearded but any hint of bohemianism is offset by a well-brushed, conforming, dark suit. He is a country town doctor, but she is not a patient—she could not look healthier—and therefore this adventure is not a professional

## STOKES JOKES



## B R I G G S by Graham



soleism. They met formally at Ascot. He was divorced, she a widow in a cool trapeze with a picture hat. Bad weather and bad bet drew them close.

Now they are here. And it has been a disaster, he thinks. Somehow, bewilderingly, histrionically, and all too soon he has evidently—how should he put it?—lost his voice. Though her blue eyes, younger than her face, signal reassuringly, he wishes he could get drunk and stay drunk. Since it must be tea, he wishes the teapot were big enough to drown in.

The waiter with the first tray of tea. He is swift and efficient, small, dark and lithe. He has a ready grin and, given the opening, a sharp turn of wit. He earns much in tips, both from women who are otherwise penny-

wise and from men who warm to his humour. He is here for the season, visiting dutifully his wife and three children in Peckham, S.E. He sees as often as may be a girl called Molly who is a waitress nearby. About this he has no conscience. He might say—raising a laugh and his tip—that this affair was a perk, the equivalent of, say, duty-free cigarettes for air travellers. He is a card all right.

Another laden waiter follows. And yet another. Trays are set down. There is a creaking as positions are changed, a fresh babbling as subjects are changed. Sugar is passed. A ripple of cosiness passes through the room giving rise to a human glow. So that here is a four-dimensional cameo of unwavering, middle-class virtue. Briefly it does not matter that outside it is still raining....

## *Suspense story*

*The bridge and the boy  
both seem to be  
suspended. The bridge is  
—it's the famous Clifton  
Suspension. The boy? He's  
just practising leaps  
with a fellow pupil  
at the summer school  
of Bristol's School of Dancing*

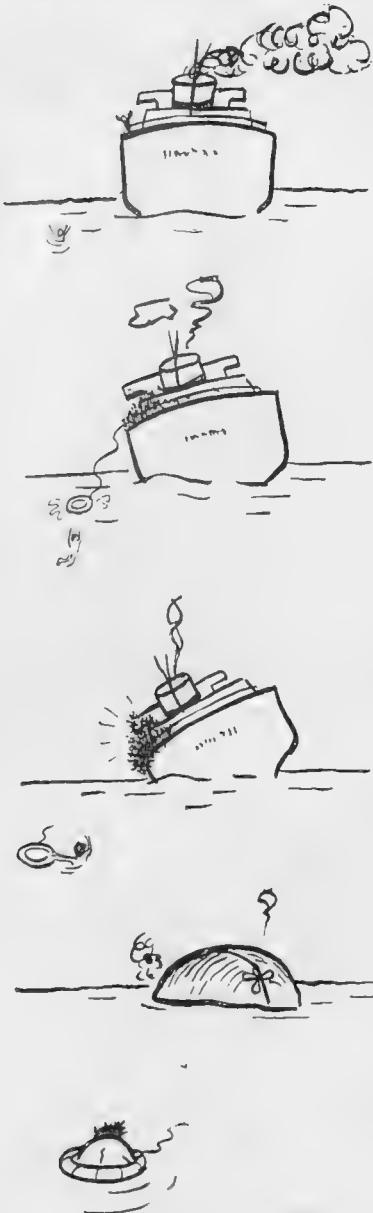


AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. JOHN FOSTER DULLES

## Danger! They're beginning to hold their liquor

BY JOHN  
(PEN-IN-CHEEK)  
METCALF

## MAN OVERBOARD!



Wellings

DEAR MR. DULLES: As you may be aware I have for some time now been engaged in research on an important aspect of Anglo-American relations in London, England, Paris, France and New York (slightly north of where you are in Washington). The evidence that I have so far collated points to a widespread plot (on whose part I scarcely need say) to undermine the Atlantic alliance in one of its very bastions: the concept that Americans do not know how to drink. You will immediately be aware of the implications that such a suggestion carries.

For (and perhaps I should here recapitulate for the sake of the record) those of us who matter here are deeply grateful for the major effort that the State Department made during the recent war in Europe. Hundreds of thousands of carefully-briefed young Americans of the first quality carried out, beyond the line of duty, their secret instructions. All over these British Isles (slightly north of France) and later all over Europe they carefully and resolutely got themselves drunk. It was all part of a minutely developed plan: if America, after the war, were not to be heartily detested by all those that she was seeking to help, it was essential to demonstrate some basic fallibility of character, to spotlight some essential clayfootedness which would enable those peoples participating in American aid to accept it while still feeling superior. It was with this long-term strategic diplomacy in mind that State Department agents in the guise of soldiers, airmen and sailors carried out the most brilliant deception job in the history of counter-espionage.

For a number of years the plan worked. While billions of dollars of aid poured into Europe we were able, with the memory of the drunkenness of the American forces sustaining our superiority, to accept every cent with the most cordial feelings of condescension. It was, as far as my organization can ascertain, not until 1954 that the East began first to take serious containing action.

In the summer of that year I myself happened to notice, on the terrace of the Carlton Hotel in Cannes (a little west of Nice) a group of a dozen or so well set-up young gentlemen drinking lemonade or, as the French put it, *citron pressé*. Noting, over the period of six or seven *pastis*, their continued sobriety I asked one of the bartenders who they were. When he told me that they were American Naval pilots of the Sixth Fleet I had the first glimmerings of the scope of the gigantic plot that is now coming to fruition. It was straight-away obvious to the meanest intelligence (the girl I was with spotted it immediately) that this was a Chinese task-force, the members of which had undergone plastic surgery and crew cuts at the well-known disguise clinic in Odessa and then been smuggled into the Mediterranean by a submarine from the Black Sea with the instructions to behave in as damagingly an impeccable way as possible.

Even so, I was not over-alarmed. A State

Department representative who, self-sacrificingly, kept on falling down in the bar obviously had them under surveillance. It was not indeed, until the next year that my work began in earnest. For it was in 1955 that I first made contact with that notorious communist operator in Paris, France: Art ("Red") Buchwald. Not only had Buchwald handled himself suspiciously well in this effete capital but he had even been employed by that notoriously radical newspaper *The New York Herald Tribune*, to tell Europeans how they should drink. What is more, it was obvious from the sweeping politeness with which I saw Buchwald being greeted in a number of bars and restaurants, that Europeans were listening to him.

It was not, however, until my secret visit to New York, America, this spring, that I was able to adduce the final proof of the extraordinary spread of this subversion, to track down to its lair the nefarious team of agents who have been responsible for your greatest single diplomatic feat. Just off Broadway, on the West 40s, in a common place of public refreshment run (you will not be surprised to hear) by a German and an Irishman, this ugly scheme was both hatched and launched. In the deceptively-named Writers & Artists Restaurant a group of spy-masters train and equip their agents. Fundamental to the plan is the widest range of Scotch whisky available in the Western Hemisphere. Training consists of the development over a period of years, of an ability not only to drink at the rate of half-a-bottle an hour without flinching but also to recognize by smell and taste the particular brand of Scotch being drunk. This training is accompanied by a carefully contrived exercise in bluff and memory extension, the notorious match game.

Your intelligence services will not perhaps be altogether surprised that I should name three well-known radical (so-called) newspapermen as the hidden eminences of this sinister group. They are John ("President") Lardner, sports commentator of *Newsweek*, Walt ("Killer") Kelly, the notorious cartoonist of the radical animal Pogo, and John ("Cyanide") Crosby, the television correspondent for the paper for which Buchwald also works and Kelly too. You will get some idea of the implications of the situation when I inform you that your own Ambassador to the Court of St. James's now owns this newspaper.

A similar group of professional bravos has its headquarters at Costell's bar (another Irishman, pray note) on Third Avenue.

Reports received here show beyond doubt that this campaign is proving all too successful. Taxi-drivers in Brussels, bartenders in Barcelona, *maîtres d'hôtel* in Madrid, madams in Stockholm, juvenile touts in Tangier—all are reporting in the same terms to this office: "Americans are increasingly sober, increasingly well-behaved."

If, Sir, the state of affairs is to continue you can visualize the outcome only too well. Your

[Continued on page 472]



Alan Vines

## *She's bound for San Francisco*

*—and some stops east*

The American season this year will have the Old Vic among its attractions. The company opens next week in San Francisco. It will put on three plays in America: *Twelfth Night*, *Hamlet* and a new production of *Henry V*. The tour, lasting till next February, will take in Los Angeles, Chicago, Detroit, New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington, as well as Toronto and Montreal in Canada.

In the picture, Michael Benthall, the Old Vic's director and leading producer, adjusts Barbara Jefford's costume for her part of Viola in *Twelfth Night*.

## *Going over for the first time?*

### TRANSATLANTIC TRAVEL TIPS

BY K. WESTCOTT-JONES

(author of *New York on a Dollar Allowance*)

➲ Your dollar allowance (unless you're on a business trip) is £100, but will not seem so small if you know how to spend it. Fares, even for journeys inside America, can be paid for in pounds before you leave Britain.

➲ Once in America you can still arrange by cabling your British travel agent for an unexpected trip to be paid for in Sterling. Meals on trains are charged for in dollars but food on planes is free.

➲ Restaurants: In Manhattan the Chinese ones (there are dozens) offer the best value for money.

➲ Food: Chicken and turkey are cheap and (except on traditional occasions) are never offered to important guests. Steaks and roast beef are the most expensive dishes.

➲ Travellers' cheques will only be accepted by banks that have been named as American correspondents of your own bank. American Express cheques are good in most places in the States on weekdays.

➲ Avoid converting prices into Sterling—there's no comparison in actual values. A glass of orange juice can cost the same as a gallon of petrol. Doctors charge at least 25 dollars for a visit. That's also the price of a cine camera.

➲ Taxis, driven by war veterans, are reasonable. For three people travelling less than two miles, taking a taxi can be cheaper than catching a bus.

➲ Weather: The Fall (autumn) is the best season for New York. California has its hottest months in October and November. Florida is not "in season" till December—hence outstanding bargain rates can be had at Miami's best hotels in October.

➲ Americans prefer to eat out when staying at hotels so rooms only are booked. This is known as "European plan." Few hotels now provide "American" plan bookings—rooms and meals.

➲ Don't get a haircut! Four haircuts could be as expensive as a 500-mile plane journey.



*Top left:* Mr. Ashton entertains visitors with drinks on the terrace. In the background can be seen the 18th-century "Folly"



*Left:* Flowerbeds through the archway of the "Folly," an artificial ruin dating from the Georgian Gothic revival

Chandos Lodge (*below*) was once a Queen Anne hunting lodge. The Duchess added both wings. Frederick Ashton designed the shutters and new main entrance

*Above:* This serpentine wall, a well preserved example of a rare type, surrounds the garden

Nursing a broken wrist and nose,

# Frederick Ashton

prepares a new ballet at home

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURT HUTTON

RETURNING in June to his country home at Eye in Suffolk, Frederick Ashton, the choreographer and co-director of the Royal Ballet, was injured in a car accident. The car (Mr. Ashton was a passenger) ran into a telegraph pole. Mr. Ashton was thrown through the windscreen, breaking his nose and a wrist. These pictures show him in the final stages of recuperation at Chandos Lodge where, despite a still-stiff wrist, he is at work on a ballet for the new season. It is called *Undine* and will have its first night at Covent Garden in late October. Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes have the leading parts.

Chandos Lodge takes its name from the Duchess of Chandos, who owned it in 1800. Mr. Ashton bought it three years ago from Sir George Sansom

*Right:* Frederick Ashton at work in the sitting-room on his new ballet. All the rooms are furnished in country-house style. More pictures of the interior overleaf







The morning-room. The door was the main entrance before Ashton redesigned it

*Frederick  
Ashton's  
country  
home* continued

The sitting-room with antique chandeliers for elegance, modern heating for comfort



The dining-room. The main entrance to the house now leads through this room



*How a piece of  
historical detection  
solved a century-old  
St. Leger mystery*

# The day the lame horse won

by OLIVER ANDREW GREY

MOST RACEGOERS have heard the legend of Theodore's St. Leger, the race of 1822. Officially the account, believed and repeated for more than 100 years, is that before the race Theodore was all but hopelessly lame and fantastic odds were laid against him. Nominally they were 1,000 to 5, but bets were made at 500 to 1. One draggart, probably when drunk in Doncaster's Salutation Inn, laid 1,000 guineas to a crown piece. Another true to his name—for he was facetious Jemmy Bland, the stable lad whose career as a "leg" raised him to a rowdy residence in Piccadilly—bet £100

a walking stick. John Jackson, the jockey, broke into tears when told he must ride "the cripple"—and it took a lot to make John Jackson cry. He was a hardened and ill-tempered veteran who had already ridden the winners of seven St. Legers.

Altogether and on every hand it was a panic. Only James Croft of Middleham, the horse's trainer, appeared to keep his head. He told Jackson he certainly must ride and persuaded the owner not to scratch the horse.

His instructions were simple. Always quick at a start, Jackson jumped off in front in the field of 23 and remained there till the end. From time to time various runners, notably the two "harlequins" (Richard Watts' Mutus and Marian), and both "magpies" (Richard Gascoigne's Corinthian and Violet, ridden in white, black sleeves) drew level with Jackson's boots, but Theodore never was headed. He won from Violet, and the Duke of Leeds' Professor, by three-quarters of a length. Legend has extended it to four lengths. The Hon. Thomas Orde Powlett's Swap, the favourite at 6 to 4, was nowhere.

A miracle had happened. The lame horse had won.

Admittedly within two days some faithless students of form were professing to doubt its all being wholly supernatural. By then, in the Gascoigne Stakes, they sourly said, they had seen Theodore start at 4 to 1 on and be soundly beaten by this-time-unfancied Swap.

But romance is not to be denied. A mystery it was and a mystery it remained for more than 100 years.

Then in 1934 some additional "Creevey Papers" were published. Edited by Sir Herbert Maxwell, the first Creevey Papers had appeared in 1903. They are extracts from letters and memoranda of Thomas Creevey, Whig Member of Parliament for Thetford and professional guest; a man, according to the diarist Greville, who

possessed nothing but his clothes ("No servant, no home, no creditors"). He roamed from one great house to another collecting gossip and reporting it to friends. Though he was a henchman—and possibly a half-brother—of the Lord Sefton who established both the Grand National and the Waterloo Cup, he was not fond of sport. It happened, however, that for the St. Leger

brother-in-law) £200 to take his bets off his hands, by which Wyvill told me he himself got £5,000 and Rhodes Mills has won as much.

Probably it is due to Creevey's notoriously bad writing that the villain of the story there is called *Rhodes Mills*. Almost certainly he was Rodes Milnes, whose sister married York's M.P., Marmaduke Wyvill of Constable Burton. For a time he had



THE ST. LEGER IN DEAR EDDARD'S DAYS  
from History of the St. Leger Stakes, Hutchinson, 1902

meeting of 1822 he was staying, as he often was, with the Member for Durham, Michael Angelo Taylor, at Cantley near Doncaster.

Not far from there, at Stapleton, lived Theodore's owner, the Master of the Badsorth, a younger son of the 9th Lord Petre, the Hon. Edward Petre.

Aged 27 and nicknamed "Dear Eddard," he was a fat, vain, open-handed and good-natured booby. At Stapleton he was keeping open house and, like Surtees' Sir Harry Scattercash at Nonsuch House, was being "eaten up by a pack of rubbish."

Creevey found time to ferret out the story. To quote from *Creevey's Life and Times* (edited by John Gore and published by John Murray in 1934), on the day after the race, to his step-daughter Miss Ord, he wrote:

"The day was perhaps the most famous in all the annals of racing villainy. Rhodes Mills if possible outdid himself. He has the management of 'Dear Eddard's' Stables and so perfectly humbugged poor Petre about the badness of his horse that . . . he (Petre) gave Wyvill (Mills'

been one of "the Prince Regent's set" and by his gambling he ruined himself.

In the light of those disclosures the mystery of Theodore's win became not difficult to solve. Rodes Milnes plotted to put about the story that Theodore was lame, and succeeded in convincing even the owner. Creevey tells us that "in full club Lord Foley favor'd (Rodes Milnes) with his own view of his character."

James Croft, the trainer, "a sad invalid," seems generally to have been considered honest—as honesty was understood on the Turf of those days—but it is impossible to think he was not party to the plot. It is equally hard to believe that the tears of jockey Jackson, if indeed they ever were shed, were anything but precursors of the glycerine anguish of a cinema close-up.

For Dear Eddard Petre, the humbugged owner, there were to be plenty of opportunities to recoup. Five years later he won the St. Leger with Matilda, and the two following years (with The Colonel and Rowton) he completed a historic hat-trick.



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THE  
TATLER

THE TATLER &amp; Bystander 10 September 1958

# At Gleneagles Hotel

—and at the  
Turnberry  
in Ayrshire

Left: Rupert Mackinnon, son of Mrs. Angus Mackinnon, who lives at Hunton Manor, Sutton Scotney, Hampshire. Right: Mr. & Mrs. Peter Donald, from Sunningdale, with Edwina, Charles and Lisa. He is a director of the Howard & Wyndham theatrical enterprise.



At the Turnberry Hotel, on the Ayrshire coast overlooking the Firth of Clyde, were Mr. & Mrs. J. Cunningham from Renfrewshire



Débutante Miss Deirdre Deuchar, from Riding Mill, Northumberland. She hunts with the Braes of Derwent and the Tynedale

Mr. & the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage. He is vice-chairman of General Electric. Mrs. Gamage, a daughter of the late Lord Hirst, is a leading worker for charity



Left: Miss Rita Simpson of Littlehoughton Hall, Alnwick, among the pampas grass which grows in the Turnberry Hotel grounds. She is 20 and has been studying languages in Switzerland



Above: The Marques of Melin, Mrs. David Butter (daughter of Lady Zia Wernher), the Marques of Manzanedo, the Marques of Grinon, the Duke of Alba, Lady Zia Wernher, Senor Ignacio Herrers and the Marquesa of Manzanedo

Pictures on right. Top: Mrs. Hugh Leggatt, the Hon. Mrs. Derek Winn and the Hon. Mrs. Rodney by the lake. Middle: Lady Juliet Smith, daughter of the Earl & Countess of Birkenhead. She is 17



Right: Mr. Cowan Dobson, the portrait painter, with his wife. She was trying to retrieve a ball from the lake. They are regular annual visitors



## THEATRE

# Mr. Eliot jolts his disciples

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

**M**r. T. S. ELIOT is a fine but difficult poet whose almost inhuman distrust of earthly love has given his poetry a distinctive flavour. His detached criticism of the most universal of the emotions has helped to make him the idol of several generations of intellectuals. His latest play (seen at the Edinburgh Festival and opening shortly at the Cambridge) is going to give his devoted following something of a shock. They will tell each other that their most muscular poet has gone soft. For *The Elder Statesman* extols earthly love to the skies, and the extolling is done in language which, though completely sincere, is in sentiment wholly conventional and, as coming from the author of "Four Quartets," astonishingly so.

But if Mr. Eliot should incur the more-in-sorrow-than-in-anger reproaches of his old fans he may look to gain a new public which likes its love sentiment to be conventional. What are the chances that *The Elder Statesman* will gain enough from the swings to make up for possible losses on the roundabouts? It has constructive weaknesses and also constructive perversities; but its dialogue is a pleasure to hear and at its most disappointing moments communicates the sense of an acute mind dealing honestly with a theme that is far less simple than it appears.

It is cut to a curiously old-fashioned pattern. There are times when we seem to be assisting at the revival of an Edwardian play in which the author had quite deliberately dispensed with the big show-down scene dear to the Edwardian heart. Lord Claverton, an ailing man prematurely retired from public life in which he has been a distinguished figure, encounters in his expensive nursing home certain people who have re-entered his life from the past. They serve to remind him that the mask of worldly success which he has worn so gracefully conceals the moral coward that he really is. These people are a theatrically ingenious invention. They exist, but they are, as Claverton sees them, spectres from the past personifying the guilty secrets of his life. He has always been conscious of them, but here they are in the flesh, weaving a web of whispered insinuation about him.

Mr. Eliot handles the whole of this part of the play very expertly. A preliminary scene showing the elder statesman wearing his public mask with charming aplomb would have been helpful, but it was not there and

Claverton is from the first a sick, sad man contemplating the guilty secrets which he has carefully hidden from the world and wondering how to rid himself of the persecuting presences. There is only one way, and he hesitates to take it. He values nothing in the world so much as the good opinion of the daughter whose adoration



has helped him to believe in his own pretences. Dare he risk her love by confessing that her idolized father is a hollow man?

We naturally expect that the crisis of the play will come when he takes the plunge and the daughter learns the truth. Mr. Eliot has a different plan. We can only know what we really are, he holds, when we have confessed what we fear we may be to those we love. So instead of the expected showdown between father and daughter we have something altogether different. Claverton takes the plunge and confesses his guilty secrets to Monica and the young man she has a mind to marry, and from his confessors he meets with nothing but charitable understanding. And his spiritual victory over pride is crowned with the apprehension of what love is. He is able with his purified moral vision to help Monica and her Charles to see into their hearts, and after his strange death—which Mr. Eliot uses a memory from *Oedipus at Colonus* to encompass—there pours down from the dead a blessing on the living, deepening their love for each other.

There are two opinions as to whether this perilous final scene comes off. In my view it does, creating the intended effect of a beatific serenity entering into the condition of human love. But I think the effect might be in less danger if Mr. Martin Browne took theatrical means to prepare the audience for it. What those means should be I do not know, but some gradual darkening of the stage, perhaps a distant peal of thunder might make all the difference. And before making my escape from an entanglement in what is sometimes called "constructive criticism" and is nearly always only an impertinence I would venture an even boldest suggestion. I believe that Mr. Eliot would be well advised to write into the second act some passage that would sharpen our sense of the moral battle which Claverton is fighting with himself.

We ought to know before the third act begins that the battle has been won and we should then be in a better position to appreciate both the value of the confession which is to be demonstrated and the gleam of extra-mundane meaning which brings the play to a gentle close.

The play is not particularly well cast, only Miss Eileen Peel and Mr. Alec McCowen working smoothly along the grain of their own temperament. Mr. Paul Rogers, a young actor playing an old man, does remarkably well as Claverton. I cannot help thinking that an older man would do better still. That delightfully gay actress, Miss Anna Massey, struggles with a part which demands little but an immense seriousness and a deep voice. Mr. William Squire's fantastication of the natural crook would be excellent if it were not the only performance to be fantasticated. Mr. Alec McCowen, on the other hand, is well cast as Claverton's ne'er-do-well son and gives his scenes their full value.

**FATE CATCHES UP.** Lord Claverton (Paul Rogers) finds that youthful wild oats make a gritty cud to chew in old age. Monica (Anna Massey) senses that something is worrying her father. She does not know that it is the necessity of confessing his escapades to her, if he is to put his mind and soul at peace



## *She walks by night*

*Enter a sleepwalker—Nina Vyroubova in "Night Shadow." This ballet by Balanchine opens the season of the International Ballet of the Marquis de Cuevas at the London Coliseum tonight. The International is the last privately-owned ballet company in the world*

## TO MR. DULLES

*continued from p. 462*

recent diplomatic victories in allowing female British golfers to retain the Curtis Cup, fixing for the Davis Cup to be won by Australians, and an Irishman to win the Olympic 1,500 metres—all of these efforts to allow the Old World to feel superior at one level or another so that they can go on taking your money with an easy conscience will come to nought. At any moment now we shall be forced, for the sake of our self-respect, to stop accepting American aid. And then where shall we be, I would like to know?

I am, Sir, Yours respectfully. . . .

## RECORDS



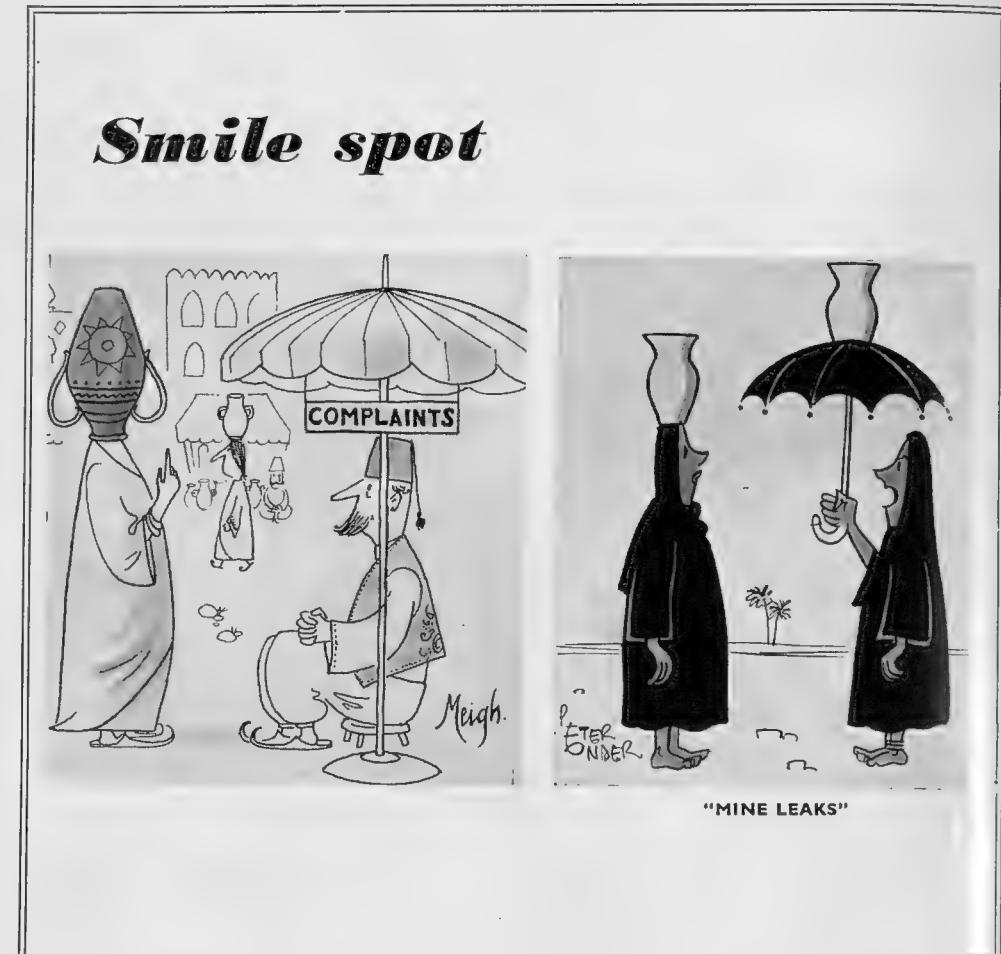
by GERALD LASCELLES

## Goliath at the piano

TO THINK of pianists in terms of giants is to think of Fats Waller. His corpulent frame wove its way through musical history during the two most exciting decades of jazz. Some people today regard him as nothing but a singing buffoon, but that is far from the truth. Waller played more jazz than almost any living pianist, and ranks with Earl Hines and Art Tatum as one of the style-setters for the present generation. He was not ashamed to use the piano as it should be used—as a percussion instrument. Its original rôle in orchestra jazz.

James P. Johnson, whose "stride" style of piano-playing preceded that of Waller, also left his impression on jazz, but it was Waller—a pianist, organist, composer and singer—who won the public's affection with such best-sellers as "Ain't Misbehavin'," "Honeysuckle Rose," and a brilliant set of piano solo works which displayed his pounding technique at its most exciting peak.

Joe Sullivan, Ralph Sutton, and to a lesser extent Jess Stacy, are among the important white pianists who furthered Waller's influence. Today there is no clear delineation, but I am confident that Erroll Garner, that most listenable of contemporary jazzmen, has the Waller touch not only in the wit of his improvisations but also in the



firm rhythmic bass which he provides. No one today is likely to equal Fats' power and drive with his left hand, but there are signs that the propelling force which Waller used reappears in modified form when Garner plays his up-tempo pieces.

The Hines-Tatum school is another matter. Both are brilliant to the point of genius. Earl with his stronger rhythm pulse underlining the right-hand play, but Art carrying through the unstated beat with subtle right-hand hints. People are apt to be blinded by his technique, fabulous in its own right. If one takes the view that technical ability is to be abhorred in the jazz medium, his work is likely to be unacceptable. But this is a view I do not share with certain purist critics. The inescapable fact is that Tatum has left an indelible mark on those who came after, from the early bop school led by

Bud Powell to the later compromise styles adopted by Hampton Hawes, Horace Silver, Hall Overton and Phineas Newborn, amongst other modern pianists.

Out on a limb, where he will remain for the rest of jazz history, sits Thelonious Monk, the introvert who relies not on technical devices nor on melodious improvisations, but on a curious intangible understanding—one might even say an incorporation—of all that has gone before. I admit that he is hard to listen to, but there is in his work a simplicity leading to the ultimate goal which blends the eloquence of the primitives with the verbosity of the moderns. I am happy to accept Monk as an eccentric and an idealist. In 15 years of concentrated playing and limited recording he has achieved little acclaim, no copyists, and has sown the seeds for a new generation of pianists whose brains need to be as nimble as their fingers.

From such lineage come the greatest jazzmen, often scarcely recognized in their time. As jazz becomes more commercialized and imbued with a pseudo-intellectualism, we shall find fewer giants who are willing and able to state their case against all comers. In their existence lies the certainty that jazz can stand the test of time.

### SUGGESTIONS FOR LISTENING

FATS WALLER	..	..	..	H.M.V. CLP1042, £1 15s. 10d. DLP1111, 1118, £1 7s. 10d.
RALPH SUTTON	..	..	..	Fontana FTR6002, £1 9s. 2½d.
EARL HINES	..	..	..	Vogue LAE12067, £1 18s. 3d. Philips BBL7185, £1 17s. 6½d.
ART TATUM	..	..	..	Columbia 33CX10003, 10015, 10053, £2 1s. 8½d.
THELONIOUS MONK	..	..	..	London LTZ-U15071, 15120, £1 17s. 6½d.
ERROLL GARNER	..	..	..	Mercury MPL6501, £1 15s. 10d. Philips BBL7106, £1 17s. 6½d.

## CINEMA

# Congenial horrors, hail!

by ELSPETH GRANT

**M**R. PETER CUSHING seems doomed to "X" certification and I find it hard to understand why. While the films in which he has recently appeared are obviously intended to throw audiences into fits or send them screaming into the street, there is nothing about this exquisitely polished actor which could possibly contribute towards that effect. Indeed, in *The Revenge of Frankenstein* as in the little number to which this is a sequel, his antiseptic presence is positively reassuring. Whatever grisliness is to be committed will, never doubt it, be encompassed in a beautifully neat and stately scientific manner.

Undeviatingly clinical is Mr. Cushing's approach to such matters as creating monsters and dispatching vampires that, as long as he appears in them, we can resign ourselves to the inevitably forthcoming further adventures of Frankenstein and Dracula: "Welcome, kindred glooms! Congenial horrors, hail!" some of us may almost bring ourselves to murmur (echoing the 18th-century poet, James Thomson).

Condemned to death in his home town (and the last instalment), Baron Frankenstein (Mr. Cushing) eludes the executioner and escapes to a neighbouring state where he sets up in medical practice as Dr. Stein. He is still bent upon producing a man-made man. He has, in fact, knocked up the credible semblance of one out of, as it were, spare parts culled from the luckless patients at a charity hospital where he does voluntary work.

For the tricky job of providing this *thing* with a brain—to be extracted from the willing head of a dwarf—Dr. Stein enlists the assistance of young Dr. Kleve (Mr. Francis Matthews). The operation is a success—and so for horror purposes, is the resultant "monster" (Mr. Michael Gwynn), who develops into a murderer and a cannibal and dies in agony with the dread name of "Frankenstein" on his lips.

This causes no end of trouble for Dr. Stein and it looks as though he's really "for it" this time—until that talented Dr. Kleve comes to his rescue, transfers his brain to another body and thus enables the essential Frankenstein to slip away unnoticed to London, where he acquires a practice in Harley Street. The rumour that the next film in this series is to be called "Frankenstein And The National Health Service" can, I think, be regarded as purely frivolous. Once more Mr. Terence Fisher has directed with commendable efficiency and gravity—though how he manages to keep a straight face about it all defeats me.

Mr. Endfield's *Sea Fury* has been so erratically cut that the story staggers along as

unsteadily as its central character, a tug-boat skipper, after his fourth quart of whisky. This hard-drinking, loud-mouthed old reprobate is convincingly played by Mr. Victor McLaglen. His business is salvaging wrecks. While waiting in a small Spanish port for something to turn up, he falls drooling in love with a very young and skittish local girl, Signorina Luciana Paluzzi, whose father would willingly sell her to him.

## THIS WEEK'S FILMS

### THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN—

Peter Cushing, Francis Matthews, Michael Gwynn, Eunice Gayson. Directed by Terence Fisher. "X" Certificate.

### SEA FURY—Stanley Baker, Luciana Paluzzi, Victor McLaglen, Gregoire Aslan. Directed by C. Raker Endfield.

### KING CREOLE—Elvis Presley, Carolyn Jones, Dolores Hart, Dean Jagger. Directed by Michael Curtiz.

### THE MAN INSIDE—Nigel Patrick, Jack Palance, Anita Ekberg, Bonar Colleano, Anthony Newley. Directed by John Gilling.

The girl is understandably not in favour of this. She prefers and gives herself to the tug's first mate, Mr. Stanley Baker. News comes of a wrecked American freighter—and the film abandons the rather squalid love-story to concentrate on a drama of the sea, a drama which it handles quite superbly. As a rival tug speeds towards the abandoned American ship, Mr. Baker, determined to board her first, takes a flying leap on to her steeply canted deck—and for the next ten

minutes you will be taut with excitement as Mr. Baker hauls aboard and makes fast the heavy tow-rope and wrestles with smoking drums of sodium which are liable to explode at any moment.

Signorina Paluzzi shows promise—as well as an alluring figure. M. Gregoire Aslan sings charmingly to the guitar and Mr. Dermot Walsh, an underrated actor, gives a telling little performance as the wrecked freighter's dying captain. Though slow and confused, the film does build to a climax that is worth waiting for.

Mr. Elvis Presley, by no means my favourite slob, is not at all bad in *King Creole*—a film astutely designed to encourage all his female fans to go on dreaming. Whether they're good girls, like Miss Dolores Hart, or bad girls, like Miss Carolyn Jones (a gangster's floosie in the picture), they all stand a chance: Mr. Presley favours both types with splendid impartiality.

The son of an ineffectual father, Mr. Dean Jagger, who is rarely in work, Mr. Presley takes a job as a singer in a New Orleans night club called King Creole and is—how did you guess?—a smash hit, drawing away custom from every other joint in town. This annoys the gangster proprietor of some deserted clubs. That's why, when not canoodling with Miss Jones or Miss Hart, Mr. Presley is for ever being ambushed by armed hoodlums and fighting for his life like a lion. He does, of course, make time to sing quite a few of his favourite numbers—which he still does in a manner one fervently hopes is inimitable. And all the way through he looks sullen but sincere. Perhaps if he gives up singing he will do. Mr. Michael Curtis, directing, just about persuades one that he might.

Mr. Nigel Patrick, in *The Man Inside*, steals a fabulous blue diamond from a New York jeweller's, and is thereafter pursued all over Europe by Mr. Jack Palance, Broken Anita Ekberg, Messrs. Sean Kelly, Sidney James, Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all. Faint but similarly pursuing, I tottered in their wake, arriving eventually at three conclusions: that Mr. Anthony Newley, who plays a Madrid taxi-driver, is an excellent comedian, that Frk. Ekberg is no femme fatale, and that crime still doesn't pay—darn it.

## RACE CLASH

Separated by colour  
linked by a chain,  
Tony Curtis and  
Sidney Poitier are  
prisoners in  
*"The Defiant Ones"*





## BOOKS I AM READING

## A banquet à la Russe

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

Cooking the milk for Gruyère cheese at Beaufortin. From *The Food Of France* by Waverley Root (Cassell, 63s.) ; a gourmet's guide to the history and geography of the countryside

## BOOKS IN PICTURES



Daniel Dawson, who was hanged for poisoning horses at Newmarket. An illustration from *The Jockey Club* by Roger Mortimer (Cassell, 42s.). Below : Oriel windows of Old Swan House on Chelsea Embankment. From *London's Riverside* by Eric de Mare (Max Reinhardt, 30s.)



LET ME say right away that I do not think I am qualified to write about the biggest novel that has come my way for some time—**Doctor Zhivago** (Collins and Harvill Press, 21s.), Boris Pasternak's colossal and only novel. It was published first in Italy, after the author had attempted to secure the return of the manuscript, and has not yet appeared in Russia.

To begin with, if you live for any length of time on a diet of cream buns and tasty little cocktail *canapés*, a gigantic six-course dinner is enough to knock you out stone cold. To go on with, there are 24 principal characters listed at the front of the book, and the novel sweeps across the length and breadth of Russia and over the past 50 years of her history, which Pasternak knows at first-hand and I not even at timid nodding-distance. The comparison with Tolstoy is inevitable because the canvas is so immense, the lives and events so complex and inter-twined.

What can one say, uninformed and unaccustomed, wandering nervous and slightly stunned over the Urals and through the rioting streets of Moscow? Say the book is about the life and death of a doctor and a poet, about the people and the ideals he loves, about the violent tide of events to which he bears witness, about his "indescribable, passionate desire to live, and living of course means struggling, going further, higher, striving for perfection and achieving it," about his greatness and decline, about "the riddle of life, the riddle of death, the beauty of genius, the beauty of loving"—and you still give precious little idea of the scope, the sheer breathtaking size of the project. It has an amazingly controlled pattern, looking closely at real people but in relation to events far bigger than the individual in the terrible midst of them—a life will be followed through for 400 pages, to be washed away, dead or disappeared. There is no tidying-up of loose ends for the neat purposes of fiction.

While you read it—and it is extraordinarily hard to stop, except that meals must be eaten, the telephone answered, and you can't gulp it down in one like a jolly blood—you breathe its climate whether you want to or not, you live painfully with its characters, it compels absolute attention and belief. It is poetic, passionate, tragic, oddly serene, it presents a view of life. A difficult and in some ways mysterious book, I do not think you can see it whole after only one reading,

and I am still only convalescent after the first. Channel swimmers must feel much the same on sighting Dover, except that you need no background music to take your mind off *Doctor Zhivago*. In this case I can merely salute the book, register, a trifle groggily, my admiration, and make my bow to the experts. But for heaven's sake, read it, if the *canapés* haven't already wrecked your digestion.

From the jacket of Joanna Richardson's biography, *Theophile Gautier* (Reinhardt, 30s.) a superb photograph—taken around 1856—gazes darkly forth, the great Romantic in full leonine grandeur with floppy collar, mane and beard straight from the golden age of literary Bohemia. Gautier was a magnificent, demanding, emotional man, dedicated to art, a tiger for work—he wrote novels, poems, ballets, travel books and a mountain of journalism—who had a passion for life, an unflagging gift for conversation and letter-writing, and (surprising in one so opposed to conventions), a dogged affection for unattainable family life and a determined resolve to support himself, his mistresses and children. Eugenie Fort and Ernesta Grisi the singer shared him between them, but the great love of his life seems to have been Carlotta Grisi the great dancer.

This book, full of devotion for an eminently lovable man, is full of the greatest possible entertainment as well as serious information. Gautier travels abroad and returns in a burnous, a lioness on his knee, or—from St. Petersburg this time—complete with fur hat and pelisse. The Goncourts sit through innumerable literary dinner-parties observing everything like lynxes, Flaubert performs his speciality-dance called L'Idiot des Salons, George Sand finishes a novel at one in the morning and begins another straight away, everyone becomes passionately emotional at funerals. Literary society was small, Gautier knew and loved them all, and seldom can a group of people have felt so intensely that art mattered most in life. His end was pathetic, but his life both touching and triumphant. I enjoyed the book enormously.

Noel Barber ("the man who was there") has beaten Sir Vivian Fuchs to the South Pole again by a short head by getting his book *The White Desert* (Hodder and Stoughton, 16s.) out first. If it is not in the same league as that other journalist's-eye-view of heroes in the snow, James Morris's

account of the Everest Expedition, it is nevertheless amusing, cheerfully informal stuff, interesting on the famous "disagreement" and on the differences in character between Fuchs and Hillary. It is also decorated with some of my favourite happy-snaps of those two astonishing men—Hillary with his long cadaverous clown's face framed roguishly in a whacking fur pixie hood, and Fuchs looking like everyone's dream of The Intrepid Explorer. Mr. Barber had a pretty good pixie hood too, but it must have taken quite some fortitude to sit, without much preliminary limbering-up, quietly drinking the occasional gin-and-snow far, far from El Vino's and waiting for Arrivals at the Pole (which, to my cynical delight, had to be re-staged several times so that adequate photographic coverage was obtained of the historic handshakes).

I've also been reading . . . With A King In The Clouds by Erica Leuchtag (Hutchinson, 18s.), about an intense relationship between a physiotherapist and the King of Ipal, ("a slender, faery figure") whom she taught to dance to Victor Sylvester's strict tempo and admired in what one gathers was a mystical manner. A rum and somehow funny book, like swimming very slowly under a large hot bath full of water-lilies and gallons of bath-oil. . . . North Of ket by Arthur Foff (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 13s. 6d.), a nightmare little book which I thought extremely well written, at an unhappy young woman in San Francisco who can live neither with herself nor anyone else, a small sad study of total integration. . . . The Lost Traveller by Dora Babb (Gollancz, 16s.) another unhappy, skilful, American novel, this time about disintegration in Kansas in the . . . a stern and melancholy picture of a family broken up by father's professionalabling. . . . The Devil's Cross by Walter Keala (Hodder and Stoughton, 15s.), an even more melancholy book about a much-used knight errant (the blurb says it's a "st-blooded quest") and his search for a lost in the ghastly ruin of the Children's Isadie. There are lots of messires and adventures, and the knight-hero, instead of bringing out the beast in women, remains steel-true to his quest . . . and The Skinner by Jay Gilbert (New Authors Ltd., 15s.), the first of a new series of books by young unknown authors put out by Hutchinson, which is about a brave young girl and her love who is a member of a dope-peddling gang and reminded me, alas, of one of those long low-key gangster pictures with Social Significance where the teen-age hero and heroine speak in mid-Atlantic accents and come glumly to grips as the tide of blood and guilt laps relentlessly higher.

### I liked these

#### TITLES FROM RECENT REVIEWS

THE WONDERFUL O, by Thurber (Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.) ; THE IMMENSE JOURNEY, by Loren Eiseley (Gollancz, 16s.) ; SOUTH AFRICAN WINTER, by James Morris (Faber & Faber, 18s.) ; BRING BACK THE DAYS, by A. S. M. Hutchinson (Michael Joseph, 21s.) ; WRITERS AT WORK (Secker & Warburg, 21s.) ; COMMON PEOPLE, by Phillip Callow (Heinemann, 15s.) ; TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, by Alan Ross (Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.).



Bassano

**Miss Heather Margaret Grange to Mr. Timothy Thomas Stuart Gay:** She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. Grange, Reine Barnes, Dursley. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. S. E. Gay, Point Lodge, Rye, Sussex



Lenare

**Miss Audrey Diana Carey to Mr. David Esme Douglas**  
She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Dermot Carey, Knutsford, Cheshire. He is the elder son of Lord Roderick Gordon, Bentleigh, Alberta, Canada, & Anne Lady Roderick Gordon, Woodside, St. Michael's, Tenterden, Kent



Yevondo

**Miss Rosemary Sugden to Mr. Gordon L. Pears:** She is the daughter of the late Lt.-Col. A. J. F. Sugden, R.A., & of Mrs. Butler, Gaston Manor, Tisbury. He is the only son of Mrs. Colin Grant, Atherstone Mews, London, and Perth, Australia, and Mr. Richard Pears



Lenare

**Miss Gillian Mary McLean to Mr. David Peter Miéville**  
She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Allan McLean, Duart, Maffra, Australia. He is the son of the late Mr. E. F. Miéville & of Mrs. C. E. Miéville, Park Mansions, London



Yevondo

**Miss Marika Hopkinson to Mr. Airlang Robin Hanbury-Tenison**  
She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. M. Hopkinson, Wellington Square, Chelsea, London. He is the youngest son of Mrs. R. J. M. Tenison, Lough Bawn, Castleblayney, Eire

Following this year's chilly summer, here is news of winter warmth with

## FUR, FUR, FUR

Coats of all prices will have the fur-lined cuddly look





*Opposite:* LINED THROUGHOUT WITH CIVET CAT, a greatcoat of white hopsack by Norman Hartnell for those who can afford to buy the best. It is worn over a loose-fitting suit of black wool gaberdine. Rudolf made the turban of black Persian lamb, Dents, the gloves in washable ivory leather. The carriage was used on State occasions by the dukes of Buccleuch

*Above:* LINED THROUGHOUT WITH WARM BEAVER, here is a loose Mattli coat of rough green tweed (a Rodier fabric), with the collar and cuffs also of the same fur. Worn under it is Mattli's dress in a matching green wool. The beaver bonnet was made by Rudolf, the toning brown gloves by Kayser Bondor. The carriage, a lady's phaeton, was used by Queen Victoria



*Left:* Natural red fox lines the jacket of this elegant suit by Bradleys. The jacket is of almond-green Otterburn tweed. The fully lined skirt is straight-fitting. The suit can be copied to order for 110 gns. Rudolf's hat and Fior's accessories. Carriage : the Marquess of Lansdowne's chariot and footmen

# Shaggy is stylish this season



Peter Alexander

*Middle picture:* Profuse red fox falling from the neck to the hemline trims Koupy's loose-fitting coat in leaf-green mohair wool and worsted. Rudolf's hat of slashed leather; Dents' leather gloves. Price: about 81½ gns. from Harvey Nichols, London, and Samuels of Manchester. Taken in the State Carriage of the Dukes of Buccleuch

A trimming of lynx proclaims this coat as Autumn 1958. The coat has the "almond line" that dominated Charles Creed's Autumn Collection. It is in anthracite-and-beige speckled tweed and has a wide shoulder-line tapering to a narrow hem. Simone Mirman's white felt hat. Carriage: a little pony phaeton dating back to about 1840

# Close-cropped for crispness



Short-haired and warm as toast, Tescan beaver lamb is used for the collar of Wetherall's ivory cashmere coat. The lining of the coat is snuff-coloured Tiecil, which also makes the hat and cravat. Worn with it, Wetherall's suit in a beige worsted corded material. At their Regent Street and all London and provincial branches. Prices : the coat, £63 ; the cravat, 10s. 6d. ; the beret, £2 12s. 6d. ; the suit jacket, £13 2s. 6d.; the skirt, £11 0s. 6d.

Carriage : a semi-State Landau, used by Queen Victoria

*Right:* A black mink collar distinguishes Deréta's coat of black seal-cloth. Available at D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, W.1, and Samuels, Manchester. Price : about 33 gns. Rudolf's hat of purple melusine; Fior's accessories, including the Italian umbrella. Carriage : The Duke of Buccleuch's guinea-gold-and-black carriage used for State occasions



PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
PETER ALEXANDER

Ocelot, one of the shortest-haired and toughest-wearing furs, trims Koupy's suit of black face-cloth. The suit, cut on loose, dead straight lines costs about 64 gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1 and Renée, Belfast. Accessories by Fior, Burlington Gardens. The vehicle : a two-horse London omnibus, of a type which plied between Brixton and Camberwell about the year 1890



# The rich

For the autumn nights and evenings ahead: a rich velvet coat in a warm glowing turquoise-green, plus an exotic piece of nonsense to distract the eye—white silk chiffon thrown carelessly over the head. The lining of the coat matches the eye-catching shimmer of the dress. This is a complete ensemble by Jean Allen.

The coat (*left*) is slim with a tendency towards a barrel shape. It has low-set pockets and is collarless—the gleam of white chiffon over the head is attached to the coat.

The dress (*opposite*) is of white crêpe threaded with silver Lurex. It is completely straight, and the front is draped to a V.

Both from Peter Jones, Sloane Square, and Christophers of York. Price (complete): about 36 gns. The rhinestone bracelet (price £3 5s.) is from Fior, Burlington Gardens, and the gloves are by Kayser Bondor. Carriage: the chariot built for the Marquess of Lansdowne, on loan from the Victoria & Albert Museum

Photographs by  
Peter Alexander



CHOICE FOR  
THE WEEK

# hints of autumn evenings





Goatskin suggests country handicrafts, but there is nothing bucolic about the latest ways in which it is being used. Both the boxes (left) are of goatskin (small one, £7 7s., large one £8 8s.). So is the brass-legged set of tables (right), decorated with unusual playing cards, &c. (£28 7s.). Also in goatskin: the scroll-shaped table (below, right), from Italy (£47 5s.). All at Marshall & Snelgrove

## SHOPPING

# Practical pictures

by JEAN STEELE



A gracious way to serve a cocktail (left): from this novel container, decorated with roses by Redouté, and made of lacquered wood (£20 9s. 6d.). Harrods

Your own arms can be used for ornamentation by Heraldry To-day of Beauchamp Place, who also trace pedigrees. The painting costs £6 6s., the mats £1 1s. and upwards and the book-plate £5 5s.



Left: More Redouté roses, this time for a bachelor girl's tool cabinet (£14 14s.), which hangs on the wall. So does the key box (£8 18s. 6d.). Harrods



Scenes from Old London on contemporary black-and-white sweet dishes (right), designed by Hazel Thumpston for E. Brain & Co. Ltd., Foley China Works, (7s. 9d. each)



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## BEAUTY

## Make-up for autumn

by JEAN CLELAND

THE names given to new cosmetic colours designed for the autumn fashions might have been inspired by the gems in Aladdin's cave. Elizabeth Arden, for instance, calls her three new outfits previewed at the Lanvin/Castillo Collection in Paris "Jewels of Fashion Make-up." Her lipsticks with matching rouge and nail lacquer are teamed to flatter and emphasize the season's colours.

The oranges, golds, greens and browns have the same rich glow as the colours on the trees. To harmonize with them, Elizabeth Arden presents "Star Topaz," a subtle shade half-way between orange and apricot. Gay and lively, this is specially lovely for brunettes.

Blondes will love "Rose Diamond," another shade in the trio. It is a soft rose-red, clear and luminous, and goes well with blues, blue-greens and teals. Lastly there is "India Ruby" a rich jewel-red with ruby tones, created to go with the blue-toned reds, amethysts and purples.

Revlon's have also chosen rubies for their new autumn colour. "Say it with Rubies" is their latest nail enamel, with matching lipstick. It is red, rosy and blazingly bright, and a splendid foil for black. It can be had in the lustrous high-gloss lipsticks, in regular nail enamel, and frosted nail enamel.

Gold is going to be used in many different ways for evening wear, and for this Gala

"Caprice," designed by hair stylist Alan Spiers. The two little bows at the sides are joined by a bandeau round the back of the head, which keeps the hair in place

have brought out a new nail colour called "Gold Satin." It should look attractive with a dress that has gold in it, or with gold accessories. It is also ideal for those who like to look out of the ordinary. If they get tired of it, they can try Gala's new "Silver Satin" for a change. Both have a nice gleam and a satiny finish.

Leading cosmetics and beauty experts are agreed that the make-up for autumn and winter will be delicate, pale, and transparent. Foundation should be light both in texture—to give the translucent look—and in colour. A good effect can be had by using two powders, a delicately tinted one (faintest blush-rose) underneath, and a more creamy one on top. Accent is on the eyes, which are being dramatized with some lovely new and subtle eye-shadows, and on the mouth, which is strongly emphasized with the brilliance of the new jewel-like lipsticks.

Harriet Hubbard Ayer who made up the models for some of the leading fashion houses, has with her new make-up taken into account the new hats. Many of these are tall and inclined to elongate the face, so care must be taken to see that the make-up does not accentuate this by further exaggerating the length. The aim should be to shorten the contours and make the cheeks look rounder. This can be done by keeping the complexion light and placing rouge high up on the cheek-bones.

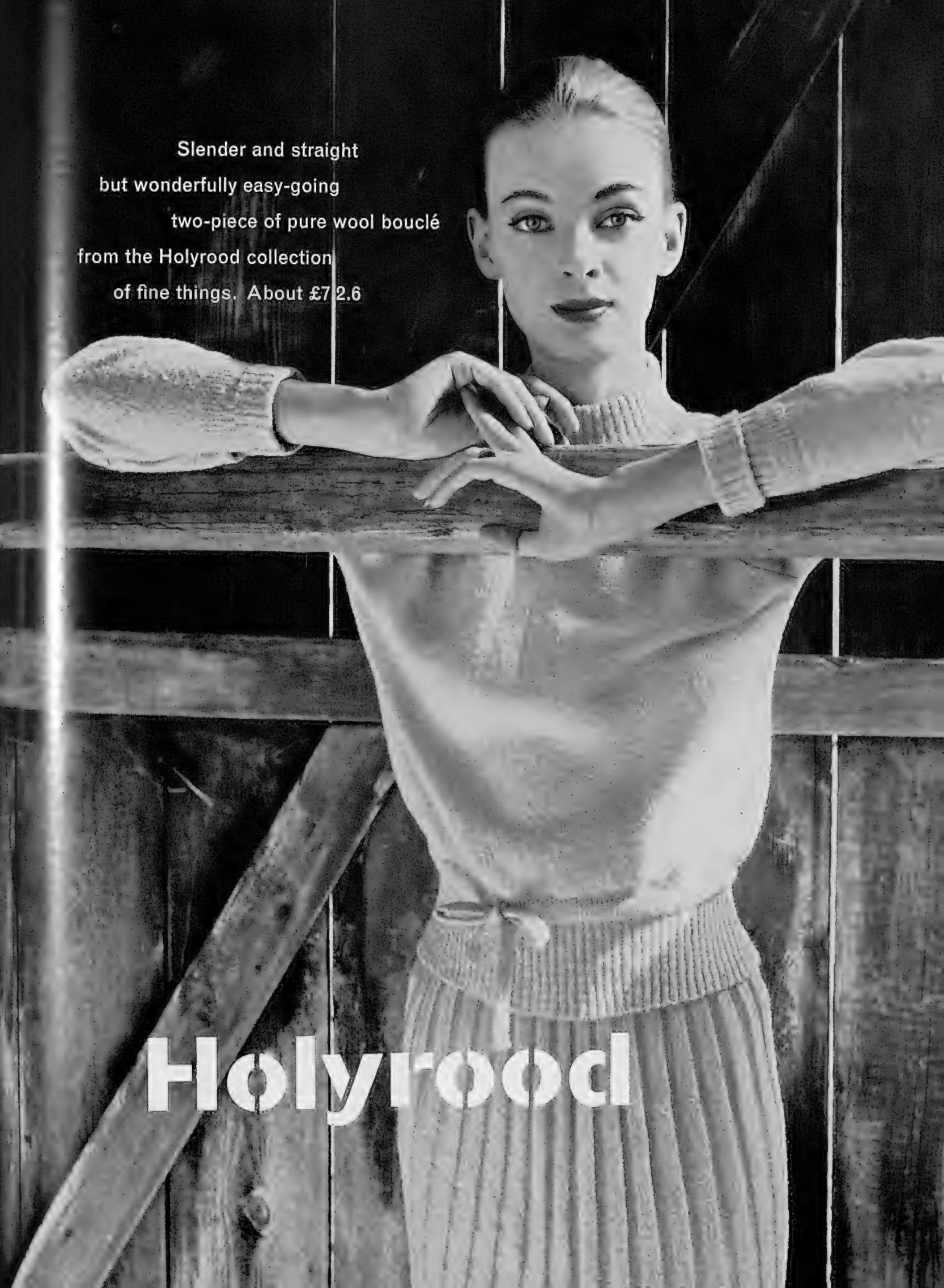
Eyes are no longer lengthened in an exaggerated manner with an extended line towards the temples, because with hats clinging closely to the head this would narrow the face. Instead, they are set off by being defined with a pencil line following the contour of the upper lid, and finishing in a small triangle, softly shaded out, just at the outside of the eye.

Harriet Hubbard Ayer's salon treatments are now being given exclusively at hair stylist Alan Spiers's salon. They are done by a Paris-trained beautician, using her special preparations.

Alan Spiers is another leading hairdresser who is busy creating new styles for the autumn. "They will follow," he told me, "the general trend in fashion, and will be influenced by the Empire Line." His aim is to create something feminine, soft and romantic. The focal point of his styles will be at the top of the head, with the hair brought up in a supple bouffant line. The sides will be less full, with the hair set closer to the cheeks. Hair at the back will be shorter and swept upwards.

These soft feminine styles tie up very well with the light, luminous type of make-up which I have outlined. The whole effect reflects the mood of the moment, which is gentle, delicate, and delightfully "Fair Lady."





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*ADVENTURE in Arabia. Jacques Cornet's 2cv Citroën crosses a ford*

## MOTORING

# Getting away from humdrum driving

by GORDON WILKINS

**I**N HIGHLY ORGANIZED communities like ours motoring has ceased to be an adventure, and we hold races, rallies and trials in which to recapture the joy of achievement artificially. We tend to forget that over a large part of the earth's surface merely getting from one place to another by car can be adventure enough for anyone. Looking back over years of motoring the memories of this kind of trip stand out from the competitions, the car tests and the countless thousands of miles of regulated travel on crowded highways. . . .

Going out to visit a remote farmstead in Western Australia, in an Austin A90, raising clouds of dust and flocks of pink-and-grey parrots ("If you try to run over a snake," said my companion, "slam on the brakes and hit it with locked wheels; otherwise it may flip up and wind itself round the chassis—and I'd rather *you* got it out"). . . .

Days spent in a Morris Oxford bumping over the tracks hacked out of the Snowy Mountains for Australia's great irrigation scheme, where rivers are being put into reverse, power stations built inside mountains and great new lakes created. . . .

Driving an Austin A40 through blinding dust over the rocky bed of the half-built Trans-Canada highway, and climbing up to meet a train at the Great Divide. . . .

Taking an ancient Ford up the steep, spiral track cut in the sheer conical sides of a volcanic peak in the Canary Islands, and wondering if the brakes would ever get us back to the bottom safely. . . .

Going to dinner in a Morris Isis just outside Nairobi while the Mau Mau troubles were still on and people were taking pistols to parties; and getting completely lost because my guide had no sense of direction. . . .

So I can understand why four young South Africans recently sought something beyond the excitements of ordinary African motoring and decided to drive a Hillman Minx over the notorious Sani Pass between Natal and Basutoland. They added shields to protect sump and petrol tank from the rocks but the car was otherwise standard. Apart from cross-gullies and boulders they

had no trouble as far as the Basutoland police-post. As the altitude here was 7,000 feet they advanced the ignition to compensate for the rarefied air, and went on climbing, meeting an occasional mule train on the way. Eventually they came to a part so steep that they could hardly stand, where the wheels dug in among fist-sized rocks lying a foot deep. With the aid of chains and a great deal of physical effort they reached the top in time to see the setting sun lighting the highest peak in Southern Africa.

But now a tougher assignment awaited them; the bleak and lonely climb of the Black Mountain Pass, where they slid on loose corners skirting unprotected precipices by the light of headlamps and bumped through the ice into water of unknown depth as they forded frozen streams.

The outward trip of 58 miles took them 12 hours, and next day they got back in seven. Much of it was done in bottom gear and the Minx, which had previously done nearly 37 m.p.g. in a fuel economy contest, averaged 10 m.p.g. But it was apparently none the worse for the ordeal.

The car that sounds the call to adventure for many people, especially the younger generation on the Continent, is the 2cv Citroën, and some staggering feats have been achieved in it. It is cheap to buy and economical to run, and if the worse comes to the worst you can take it to pieces and manhandle it out of impossible situations.

Greatest of the 2cv explorers is Jacques Cornet, a former fighter-pilot who bought a 2cv in 1953 and set out with Henry Lochon as co-driver. A year later they were back in Paris, having traversed the Americas from Canada to the southernmost tip of Tierra del Fuego and come back across the Sahara, clocking a total of 32,000 miles in 23 countries. In South America they

claimed to have climbed to the highest point ever reached by car (17,777 feet on Mount Chacaltaya), they covered 1,750 miles across the blistering Atacama desert (where they had almost nothing to drink for 36 hours), and cut their way with machetes through forests between Mexico and Guatemala. They slept 240 nights in the open and in Tierra del Fuego one of them suffered frostbite. They brought back 5,000 photographs, 9,000 feet of film, and a book.

A year later Cornet surrendered to the call again and set off from Paris for Tokio with Georges Khim, a painter. Nine months later they were back after the round trip via Venice, Athens, Istambul, Beyrouth, Bagdad, Teheran, Kabul, Lahore, Calcutta, Singapore, Bangkok, Saigon and Hongkong. They had lived with Bedouin and visited the Dalai Lama. When they got back as far as Bombay they decided to drive the remaining 9,000 miles to Paris non-stop, except for taking on essential supplies. They changed drivers every four hours and covered the distance, over some of the worst roads in the world, in exactly a month.

Exploits like these make the toughest European rally look like an afternoon's outing for elderly gentlewomen.

Other 2cvs have criss-crossed Africa, gone from Paris to Delhi and Tibet and traversed Australia from north to south. Their drivers have already written five books. In France, the Citroën company enjoys a reputation for watching the pennies that makes the traditional Scotsman look like a spendthrift. No Frenchman therefore needs to be assured that these trips were done by private owners at their own expense with no help from the works whatsoever, and there was some surprise when Citroën prised open the purse strings to offer M. Cornet £83 as a mark of their appreciation.

This year they have gone further and have instituted an annual prize of 500,000 francs (£416) for the year's best account of a journey by 2cv. It can be in the form of photographs, films, written matter, tape recordings, or a combination of them. It is open to drivers of all nationalities using 2cv for journeys of several thousands of miles through a number of different countries. Records of cultural or scientific interest are preferred to unvarnished accounts of sporting exploits.

*ADVENTURE in Africa. The Black Mountain pass and the Hillman in which four young South Africans recently climbed it*



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## DINING IN

## Hare for the town-dweller

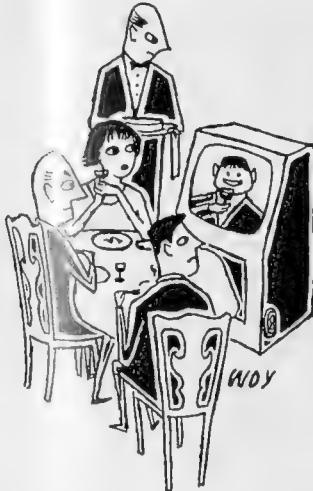
by HELEN BURKE

**I**N THE COUNTRY hare is as popular as feathered game. In the cities it is not—perhaps because it is not always so easy to produce good results. When it is good, however, it is most rewarding; easy on the purse, too, and for a smallish family one fair-sized young hare may make two quite different dishes, if there is a refrigerator.

Jugged hare is the dish for visitors from abroad, especially from the United States, because it is "so English"—and we need not be ashamed of it.

If you deal at a good game shop and ask for a young hare you will get it. For jugged hare, be sure to get the blood. The last time I wanted to cook this dish (for Danish visitors who had not tasted it) I thought to save time by telephoning the order, but no blood was sent. I insisted and got a new hare and its blood, all tidy in a covered little wax container. It seems that few people bother about this point today, but it is important.

If one wants to make jugged hare with the legs and forepart of the body, the man who prepares it will cut them and leave the saddle whole. Pass the legs and other pieces through flour seasoned with freshly-milled pepper. Fry them a



golden brown in a little butter and olive oil (to prevent the butter from burning). Fry also 2 to 3 quartered carrots and a sliced onion. On the bottom of an earthenware jar or casserole (I like an iron casserole for this), spread a layer of about 3 oz. of diced leanish green bacon. Add the vegetables and pieces of hare, a clove, a tiny piece of mace and a bouquet garni (using only half a small bay leaf). Some people add a quartered cooking apple also. Top with a further 3 oz. of the diced bacon, then add enough claret and

shin beef stock (half and half) almost to cover the mixture. Cover tightly and cook very gently for 1½ to 1¾ hours at 300 deg. F. (or even 275 deg. F.) or gas mark 2, or until the meat is tender.

Lift out the meat into a heated entrée dish and keep it hot. Strain the gravy, squeezing the juices from the vegetables with it. Add a small dessertspoon of red-currant jelly and 2 tablespoons of port to the gravy and boil up. If it requires thickening, bind with kneaded butter—that is, ½ oz. flour worked into ½ oz. butter. Crumble enough of this into the boiling gravy to thicken it to your liking. Blend a dessertspoon of port with a tablespoon of the hare blood and add a little of the gravy to it, then add all of it to the gravy and do not boil again. Pour this sauce over the hare, with which serve breadcrumb forcemeat balls, egged and breadcrumbed and deep-fat fried.

With the saddle, make the following creamed dish: First, make a marinade. Heat a tablespoon of olive oil in a saucepan. Add a chopped onion and a chopped carrot, cover and cook gently, without browning, until the onion is soft. Add a teaspoon of wine vinegar, ½ pint dry white wine or cider, a bouquet of thyme, rosemary and half a bay leaf and three crushed peppercorns. Place the saddle of hare, meaty side down, in an oval casserole and pour the cold marinade over it. Leave overnight, turning the saddle now and then.

Turn out the saddle and dry it. Sprinkle it with 1 to 2 teaspoons of flour. Melt 2 oz. butter in an iron casserole and fry the saddle in it to a warm gold all over. Add the marinade and vegetables and season with a little pepper and salt. Cover and cook very slowly at 275 to 300 deg. F. or gas mark 2 for 1½ to 1¾ hours, or longer if the hare is not very tender.

Place the hare in a heated entrée dish, cover it with buttered grease-proof paper and keep it warm. Lift the vegetables out of the casserole and squeeze their juices back into the stock. Boil to thicken it, then add up to ½ pint of double cream. Let it bubble for a minute or two. Strain some of this cream sauce over the hare, having first carved it as a saddle of lamb is cut—that is, lengthwise with the backbone or into the bone as for chops. Strain the remaining sauce into a gravy boat and pass it separately.

Tiny whole unopened mushrooms are a "refinement" which goes perfectly well with this dish. Cook them first in a little butter with a squeeze of lemon juice to keep them white.



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## DINING OUT

## Revolution at St. Pancras

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

LUNCHEONED recently at an establishment which ever since I was a small boy (especially as I had to go there on my way back to school) I have regarded as the headquarters of gloom and despondency: St. Pancras station. But what a change! The new "Shires" bar there is a pointer to the strenuous efforts the Hotel and Catering Services of the British Transport Commission are making to modernize their bars, buffets and restaurants. Ten years ago only 18 bars out of 450 could even vaguely be described as up-to-date and properly equipped, but this is now altering rapidly.

Listen to this description of the new St. Pancras set-up:

"The lounge bar has been designed in a contemporary manner and finished in sky-blue and lavender Formica. The bar itself has a facia of Indian laurel relieved with brass motifs. The counter is also finished in Indian laurel with white ash panels and inset shelves for handbags, &c., and is built on a terrazzo floor-style base. Behind the bar are six mural panels with motifs depicting the shires. On the right of the bar is a panel 11 ft. high and 7 ft. wide in which gaily-coloured Italian ceramic tiles have been set. The curtains are of bright contemporary design. The ash panelling is continued round the lounge, which has built-in leather seats in yellow, red and bronze."

First I had a glass of sherry served by a waiter clothed in immaculate hunting-pink with bright golden buttons. For lunch I had smoked salmon, a fillet steak cooked as I had requested, and creamed potatoes and tomatoes, followed by a choice of four or five of the best English cheeses. This cost me 16s. With it I had half a bottle of St. Julien in good order for 8s. It was the sort of lunch one only expects in the heart of the West End.

One small criticism. The wine list does not match the menu and is almost entirely devoted to apéritifs, liqueurs, beers and stouts,

&c. If some people are prepared to pay 16s. to 25s. per head for a meal (it would be quite easy at the Shires), they are entitled to a much wider choice, especially as it is common knowledge that the cellars of British Railways contain some fine and well-selected wines.

Another establishment where much activity has recently taken place is the revered Royal Court Hotel in Sloane Square.

It started some time ago with the cocktail bar where "Fred" Maserati has reigned supreme for as long as I can remember the place—at least 21 years. The old bar has been redesigned and might now be called the Bamboo Bar.

Mr. Robert Wild, resident director for many years (his father took it over in 1918), has now completed another transformation by opening a new grill room on the lower ground floor, with an attractive garden patio. This enabled him to reduce slightly the size of the ground floor restaurant and to increase the space in the lounge, where you can meet your guests and have an apéritif before you eat.

One enterprising feature of the grill-room menu is a column with the title "*Les Poulets de la Semaine*, 12s. 6d." This means, they have a different kind of chicken each day. On Monday it is curried chicken (Indian); Tuesday, à la Kiev (Russian); Wednesday, *Coq au Vin de Bourgogne* (French); Chicken Maryland on Thursday, and so on, finishing up on Sunday with chicken pie. The menu is backed up by a comprehensive wine list, all the way up from the glass, demi-carafe and carafe, to the chateau bottled.

I found the *maitre* of the Grill Room was an old friend, Henry Mittaz, who when I last met him was manager of the Carlton Restaurant before it was sold for demolition. (The Carlton's Dispense Bar is now in my flat: I bought it at the auction.) Swiss-born, he had much experience as chef-waiter at the Berkeley Grill, Claridge's and the Savoy.



In the "Shires" bar at St. Pancras station. The lounge waiter wears hunting-pink

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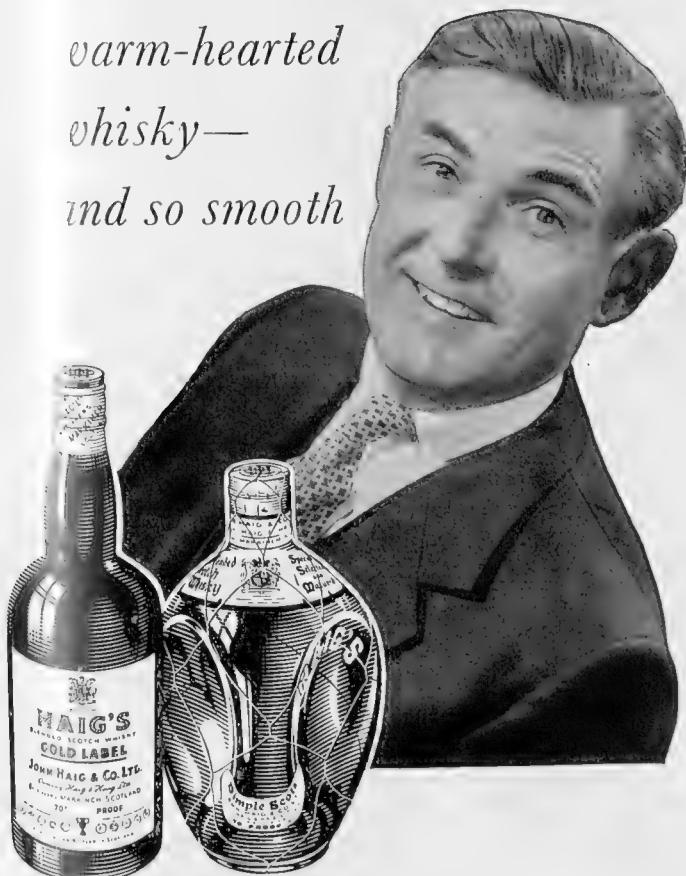


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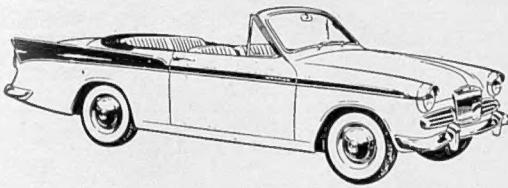
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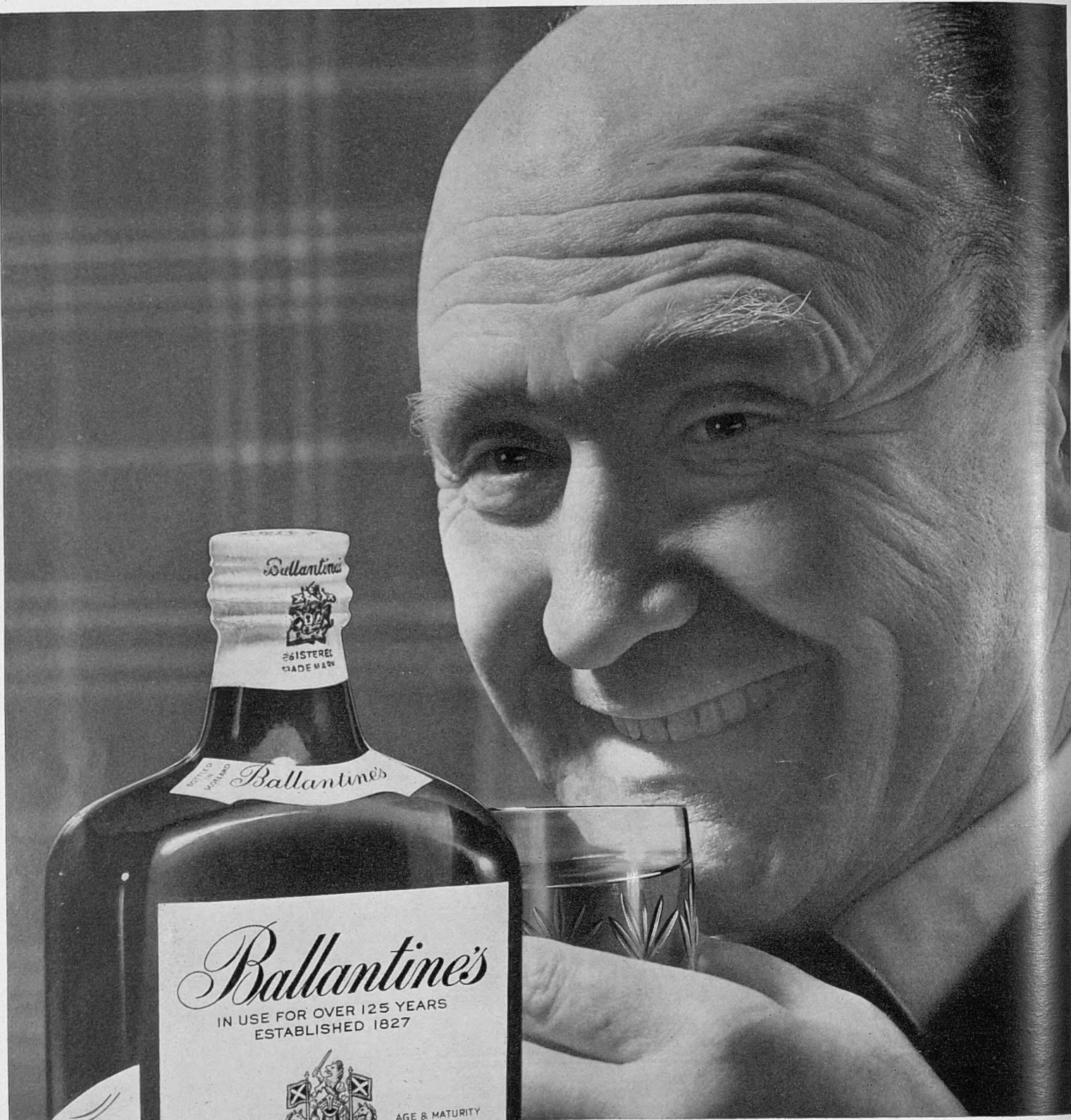


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